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REVIEW OF NEW BOOKS.

The Military Exploits, &c. &c. of Don Juan Martin Diez, the Empecinado: translated by a General Officer. 8vo. pp. 174. London 1823. Carpenter & Son.

This striking picture of Guerilla warfare is at the present period a seasonable publication; and will be read with double interest so long as the contest in Spain is carried on. Among all the partisans of national independence whom the unprincipled aggression of Buonaparte provoked to rise, *The Empecinado* reached perhaps the highest celebrity, and performed the most distinguished services to his country. The relation of his exploits and the description of his resources and measures, therefore, cannot fail to excite popular curiosity; and this small volume is well calculated to satisfy that feeling.

John Martin Diez was born in September 1775 in the town of Castrillo de Duero, near Valladolid, in Old Castile. "His parents, John and Lucy, were respected peasants descended from persons of the same class; and John Martin, from his infancy, seemed destined to pursue the same course of life as his forefathers. By labouring in the fields he acquired great bodily strength, and gave early proof of the desire he felt to employ it in the service of his country; for, before he had attained his sixteenth year, he ran away from his family and enlisted. He was, however discharged, at the earnest entreaties of his parents, upon the fair plea of his being under age.

"His father, it seems, died at the very moment that war was proclaimed against France, at the commencement of the French Revolution. John Martin, following the dictates of his heart, resolved to be a soldier, and instantly volunteered his services during the term of the war. He was admitted as a private into the regiment of *Dragoons of Spain*, in which he served until the peace; and was always distinguished for his gallantry in the field, and for his subordination and regularity in quarters.

"At the close of the war he was discharged and returned to his home: soon after, he married Catalina de la Fuente, and went to live in the town of Fuenteceu, two leagues from Castrillo, and there resumed the labours of the field.

"Here he acquired the nickname of *Empecinado*;* and here he was when the first division of Napoleon's troops entered Spain.

"From the knowledge he had acquired, during the war, of the character of the French, he conceived towards them the most inveterate antipathy: this was very soon made manifest to his neighbours; for as early as the year 1807, his sense of duty and obedience to the orders of government alone restrained his ardour and prevented his commencing warfare upon these pretended allies. He continually declared these sentiments in his own and the neighbouring towns; and endeavoured to prove that the French troops ought at that moment to have been considered enemies to the country. When he was told that King Ferdinand had passed through Aranda de Duero, he was heard to say, "*The French are an infamous people; Napoleon is the worst among them; and, if Ferdinand once enters France, he will never get out of it, until we go and fetch him.*" This spirited conduct and correct opinion seemed to portend that he was one of those Spaniards destined by Providence to espouse the cause of his country, to defend her, and to free her from the slavery with which she was threatened by the despot of France.

"The instant it was known that King Ferdinand was at Bayonne, the Empecinado determined *to make war against the French*, and at the close of the month of March, having persuaded two of his neighbours to accompany him, he took the field, and thus most justly acquired the title of the *first proclaimer of national liberty*. One of his two companions was a boy of sixteen years old, Juan Garcia, of the town of Cuevas, near to Castrillo.

"He took post upon the high road from France to Madrid, close to the village of Onrubia, four leagues from Aranda de Duero, conceiving this spot well calculated for the purpose of intercepting the French couriers. In a few hours he got possession of the correspondence of a courier, who escaped only by the fleetness of his horse, but who left behind him the guide and letter bags.

"A few days afterwards he intercepted and killed another courier, and thus supplied himself with a horse and arms."

This was the beginning of a course of much glory, of enterprise almost unparalleled, and of courage and conduct altogether extraordinary. At first we find the intrepid chief with twelve or fifteen companions, undertaking the most dashing affairs; and at last he is seen at the head of from 1500 to 5000 brave men, facing the strongest columns of the enemy in the field, battling armies sent to surround him, shutting up garrisons, and cutting off supplies, by an activity which seemed to quadruple his force, and make the name of Empecinado a shield to the people and a terror to their invaders.

"Amongst the early and bold operations of this chief, one in particular deserves notice, the capture of a convoy, in which was a carriage conveying a female relation or friend of Marshal Moncey. This coach was escorted by twelve soldiers, in the centre of two columns of six thousand men each, about a mile asunder. The Empecinado with eight of his people was concealed close to the town of Caravias. He allowed the leading column to pass, then boldly rushed upon the convoy, put to death the whole of the escort, seized and carried off the carriage; and when the alarm was given, Martin and his prize were in safety in the mountains, and he effectually eluded the long and strict search which was made after him. He was only able to save the life of one of the men servants and of the lady, whom he not only saved, but as she was with child, he sent her to his own house that she might receive care and attention. The convoy turned out a prize of great value; it consisted of money, some jewels, and a variety of ornamental trinkets for women, military effects, such as officers' epaulets, gold and silver lace, and sword blades. Martin divided a great portion of these things amongst his men; he took a share himself; but he reserved for the government the principal part, which he placed at the disposal of General Cuesta, in Salamanca; thus giving an unequivocal proof of his disinterested feelings, for an order had been issued by the government (the central junta,) that every thing taken from the enemy by the patriot parties should exclusively belong to them."

Gradually acquiring strength, the Empecinado at length passed into the province of Guadalaxara, acting as a General at his own discretion, and made the vicinity of Madrid the theatre of his incredible exertions. But it is not consistent with our plan to go so much into a volume like this as to detail its circumstantial statements: to describe its character and exemplify its matter are enough; and the following answer of *Martin* to an intriguing letter of General Hugo, a renegade Spaniard, inviting him over to the side of King Joseph, is eminently calculated to do both:

"Sir,—I value as I ought the opinion you have formed of me; I have formed a very bad one of you: nevertheless if you sincerely repent your atrocities, and tired of being a slave you wish to recover your liberty in the service of a free nation, valiant as she is generous, the Empecinado offers you his protection.

"That Massena and his army surrendered on the 4th of November last would seem to admit of no doubt; but allowing it to be untrue, certain it is that if he has not already perished he will soon be destroyed; for fortune his mother has for a long time turned her back upon him.

"There is little doubt that the actual state of things must soon terminate, for it appears that all the nations of Europe are combined against the French: however, without that circumstance, Spain has always had and now particularly has more force, energy, and constancy, than are required merely to humble the legions of your king.

"Corrupt and venal men alone can find in your Joseph, the First *King of Madrid!* those qualities which you suppose him to have—if he be so good a man, why does he commit and suffer to be committed such atrocities? a proud and perfidious usurper can never be a good man! the Spaniards who take part with the brother of Napoleon must

* The inhabitants of Castrillo de Duero are indiscriminately called so, in consequence of a very black mud being found in a little stream there; but *Empecinado* became the nickname of Martin Diez purely in consequence of his celebrity.

be very few, but if there were many they must always be the vilest and most detestable; the sound part of the nation, which is the great majority, and which constitutes her strength, abhors and detests even the very name of a Frenchman.

"I am quite astonished at your holding out and breathing sentiments of humanity! Publish your *humanity* at Guadalaxara, Siguenza, Huete, Cefuentes, Frillo, Douon, Ita, in the towns of the valleys, in short in every village and spot that has had the misfortune to be visited by either you or your soldiers! will they believe you? and I who have witnessed your *deeds*, how am I to credit your *words*?

"In vain do you labour if you think to dissuade either me or any of my soldiers from our honourable undertaking; be well assured that so long as one single soldier of mine is alive, the war will be carried on; they have all, in imitation of their chief, sworn eternal war against Napoleon and those vile slaves who follow him. If you please you may tell your king and your brethren in arms, that the Empecinado and his troops will die in defence of their country.

"They never can unite themselves to men debased, without honour, without faith, and without religion of any kind! Be good enough to cease to write to me.

"I am the *Empecinado*."

Of the nature of his escapes and adventures, the following will afford an idea:

"On the 6th of February the enemy advanced against Siguenza, but our chief beat them back to Mirabueno, where they were reinforced; and upon the 7th they marched again upon Siguenza. An action commenced upon the heights of Rebollar, and a heavy column of cavalry, profiting by a momentary confusion in a part of the line of Spanish infantry, made a desperate charge and took above one thousand prisoners. Our chief was not in that part of the line where this occurred, but immediately repaired to it in the hope of remedying the evil, when he was recognised by the perjured corps of Spaniards under the orders of the infamous Villagarcia, who rushed upon him, and he was only able to save himself by the desperate means of throwing himself down a precipice; preferring even that sort of death to falling into the hands of the renegade Spaniards.

"He was saved; but the consequence of his fall was a severe illness, which obliged him to go to Monterigo, *Almadovar*, and *Arcos*, for the recovery of his health. He was driven from one town to the other by the enemy when they discovered where he was; however he escaped their persecution. - - -

"Our general was celebrated for taking as bold a part in every enterprise and battle that was fought, as the bravest soldier of his division; and in this affair he gave a signal proof of the attachment he felt for every individual of it: one of his trumpeters, who was made prisoner and was guarded by three dragoons, called out to him, 'General, I was once in Joseph's service, they are going to shoot me.' He instantly rushed alone upon this party like lightning, and set at liberty the prisoner: two officers of French dragoons, who knew the person of the Empecinado, charged at him; the first who came up he shot dead, and whilst resisting the attack of the other, some of his own soldiers came up, and the second officer shared the fate of his companion. - - - -

"On the 14th he returned to Guadalaxara, and the following day the garrison surrendered to him; on the 16th he took possession of that city, which for three years had been the focus of the banditti who had been persecuting him.

"The surrender of this place enabled the Empecinado to equip his corps brilliantly; grenadier caps, accoutrements, caps for the infantry, clothing; in short his division put on the appearance of highly dressed soldiers."

These extracts show how the Empecinado was incessantly employed for the five or six years during which he contended for the freedom of his native land. Of so extraordinary a man, we are desirous to know as much as possible, and we are induced to copy the portrait of a hero equal to Grecian fame.

The Empecinado "is a little above the middle stature, with a firmly knit and muscular frame, which indicates a capability of sustaining privation and fatigue: his complexion is dark, his beard strong and of a sable hue, his eyes black, animated, and sparkling. His mental powers are strong, and calm in acting, and both clear and quick in perceiving. Of this superiority he has given unequivocal proofs in the high military talent he displayed; for he is active, enterprising, judicious, and by his personal example inspiring the brave with heroism, and the timid with resolution—in his letters—in his celebrated address to his king—and in the manner in which he has borne adversity, calumny and prosperity. The qualities of his heart are of a corresponding stamp. - - - He raised and organized an army without money and without support, when surrounded by an active enemy, and, though exposed to great and various difficulties, and embarrassed by envy, jealousy, intrigue, and mutiny, he was victorious over the experienced commanders and disciplined legions of hostile France.

The letter to the King here alluded to, is a most interesting document; but one which, with a portrait of its writer, we must leave farther to recommend this volume to the British public.

SHERE AFKUN, *the first husband of Nourmahal; a Legend of Hindoostan. In two parts.* By J. R. Planché. 8vo. pp. 94. London 1823. J. Andrews.

WE cannot take up a work of Mr. Planché's but with feelings of good humour: his name is associated with greenwood revelry, halls by moonlight, songs, pretty girls, and heroes of the days gone by. We saw Maid Marian last night, and the castle burnt so brightly, and Miss Tree looked so bewitchingly and sang so sweetly, that the as yet unopened Shere Afkun came introduced by the pleasures of memory. The subject of this poem is one already very familiar to the lovers of poetry, in Moore's exquisite Feast of the Roses. We think it may admit a question, whether this choice is happy or no; doubtless it is the first of advantages to a writer to have an already popular subject; but does it not in this case involve rather a dangerous competition? Moore is a powerful opponent to venture breaking a lance with; and to our gallantry it seems almost sacrilege to undraw the veil thrown over the youth of Nourmahal but to display her faults. However, we will not destroy the interest of the story by entering into detail of its plot, but give an extract or two as specimens:

Who has not heard of the deeds that were done
By the "Lion Conquerer," Shere Afkun?
Noble, and handsome, and courteous, and free,
As the first of his Turcoman ancestry;
Daring, and dauntless, and mighty in war,
As the monarch he loved and served, Akbar.
Woe to the bravest, who strove to impede
The sweep of his sabre, the rush of his steed!
Woe to the coward—flight saved not the foe,
From the shot of his bundook, the shaft of his bow.
Woe to the panther he roused in his path,
He would tear him, limb from limb, in his wrath!
Woe to the maiden on whom there fell
A glance of his eye—like a wizard's spell,
It would fix and fetter her youthful heart,
Till life with her hopeless love might part;
For the daughter of Aissa, the Kasumon,
Had the very soul of that Omrah won,
And Mher-ul-Nissa, "of Women the Sun,"
Was betroth'd to the conqueror, Shere Afkun.

O, land of sunshine and of flowers!
Never around thy fairest bowers
Twined rose as sweet, shone beam as bright,
As she, of eastern maids the light,
The young, the beautiful, the dear,
The almost worshipp'd love of Shere.
Within thy mines burn'd not a gem,
Though worthy Akbar's diadem—
Waved not a palm thy kingdoms through,
The gracefullest that ever grew!—
Wanton'd no breeze, though ev'ry bloom
Thy gardens know, had lent perfume
To furnish its delicious sigh,—
That with her breath, her shape, her eye,
For splendour, beauty, fragrance, e'er
Comparison might truly bear:
Rajah or Khan had held it sweet
To die at Mher-ul-Nissa's feet
As on that river's brink 't would be,
By them believed a deity!
Nay—never smile, nor lightly deem
The creature this of poet's dream,
Though all that poet ever feign'd
Of woman's charms to her pertain'd.
She lived—in annals still confess'd
The loveliest—Ah! why not the best?—
Of all the Houri-train, that o'er
Shone through thy paradise, Cashmere!

Such are the hero and heroine, the brave and the beautiful. In the second canto there are two or three pretty songs introduced; we like the first best:

Oh, sweet is the gale that blows over the sea
When the cinnamon groves are in bloom,
But the breeze that shall waft back my lover to me
Will be fraught with a richer perfume.
Oh, I 'll fly to his heart—to his lips—
To be press'd in joy's exquisite swoon,
As the fond star Rohini, when past the eclipse,
Rejoineth her well beloved moon.

Return then, my darling, and by the clear rills,
Where the blue lotos springs, let us rove:
Like a sandal-tree rent from its own native hills,
I languish, bereft of my love!
To you there are many like me—
But to me there is no one like you—
As the moon many groves of sweet night-flowers may see,
But the night-flow'rs one moon only view.

The versification is, generally speaking, harmonious, though sometimes rather flat; and the rhymes here and there far-fetched: but our chiefest objection is a too studied display of oriental learning; the collection of strange terms, and hard terms, and odd terms, will be rather appalling to this poet's lady-readers. Yet as we began in good humour, so in good humour we cannot but conclude with the writer of such a passage as the following:

The dawn of Love—the first sweet sigh
The young heart heaves, scarce knowing why—
The stolen glance, that strives to shun
A wilder but not warmer one;
The mantling blush, that, like the rose
Tinged by an eastern sun-set, glows,
When through a flood of crimson light
Day rushes to the arms of Night!—
The noon of Love—the golden hour,
When passion decks her brightest bow'r,
And all, within her magic zone,
Mortal can know of bliss, *is* known!—
The eve of Love—the eve!—let those
Who 'neath a milder sky repose,
Sing of the long, dull, twilight time,
Unknown to India's hearts or clime;
For here, its race of splendour run,
Love sinks at once—as sinks the sun,
To brighten other waves and skies—
To dote on other lips and eyes,
Leaving what erst it shone to cheer
In darkness, sudden as 't is drear!
But, Oh!—for morn and noon like those,
Who would not risk that rapid close,
Nay, bless it—for to see the ray
We worship slowly fade away,
'Mid rising mists, and falling dews,
And all the gayest, warmest hues,
That lately in its glance were glowing,
Colder and fainter with it growing—
Oh! surely, surely, blackest night
Were better than that waning light;
That boding shadow, forward cast,
Of what we feel *will* come at last!

O Love!—'t is thy eternity
That makes a paradise on high;
And earth itself a heaven would be,
If tenanted alone by thee!
But there are passions, wild and rude,
That cross thee in thy calmest mood,
And dash thy fairest hopes with fears,
And blot thy sweetest smiles with tears,
And smear thy shafts, that headed be
By blossoms of the Amra-tree,
With a far deadlier venom o'er,
Than ere the fabled Upas bore!
Mark yonder pair—now fondly laid
Beneath yon tall acacia's shade—
Ah! who would dream that ere the ray
Those friendly branches from them veil,
Shall vanish in the West away,
The love—the life——But to my tale.——

Which we will leave the author to tell to such of our readers as these fair extracts tempt to an entire perusal of Shere Afkun.

Integrity. A Tale. By Mrs. Hoffland, Author of "Son of a Genius," "Tales of the Manor," &c. 12mo. 1 vol. pp. 264.

THE "whole duty of man" is now taught after a very different plan from that pursued by our ancestors, who, it must be confessed, were a very dull matter-of-fact kind of people. They had no idea of gilding the pill; and when a patient was sick, they thought only of administering downright nauseous physic. If morality was to be inculcated, they wrote a Treatise; if wisdom to be displayed, a Treatise; religion to be recommended, a bulky Dissertation; was education to be discussed, they, blind mortals! conceived no other mode of accomplishing their end than an Essay. How much more agreeable, efficient, and ingenious, is the modern Novel. What rule of conduct has not been exemplified in these invaluable works! What precept has not been embodied! What crime not been exposed! What virtue not been emblazoned in these new and delightful productions! whose very name is an antidote to the dull and the obsolete. Give us an unfortunate failing of any description under the sun, and we will undertake to eradicate it by prescribing only three volumes duodecimo. We know no vicious habit, however inveterate, which would not yield to some one or other of the potent applications to be found, not in the *drug*-shops, but in the Circulating Libraries of the United Kingdom. "Pride and Prejudice" long since gave way before the Genius of Jane Austen; Mrs. Brunton *disciplined* the conduct, and put the passions under *self-control*. "Patience and Perseverance" have never failed to be adopted since the excellent authoress of the volume before us so earnestly recommended them. Sound "Sense" and sweet "Sensibility" are now well distinguished. "Things" are called "by their right names." Imprudence is subjected to "Correction." "Marriage" is now better understood; and every body knows the difference between "Man as he is" and "Man as he is not." It is now the turn of "Integrity" to be thoroughly established; and, we doubt not, that by the time this little book is well thumbed by the young ladies of England, that such things as breaches of trust, broken promises, and lax principles, will be accounted fabulous and antediluvian.

"Integrity" is a very pleasing and affecting story, which does considerable credit to its author, and which is well calculated to impress the beauty, as well as the importance of the virtue it recommends, on the minds and hearts of its readers. The style in which the tale is told is, upon the whole, good; the narrative admirably conducted; the characters perhaps not new, yet they, as well as the incidents, sentiments, and the general air of the work, have a healthy freshness extremely unlike the hackney-novel. We have often thought that much might be done in one volume, and still oftener, that much is done in three or four volumes which had better been left undone. The fact is, that this number is the *Novel* standard, and stories of all natures and capabilities are expanded or contracted according to this Procustean rule. Alas! into what sad distress has this additional volume thrown too many an honest well-intentioned girl, who to all appearance had arrived within sight of the goal—that is, the altar—for that is the sweet reward for which heroes and heroines struggle through heart-rending calamities; this it is which with its flaming heart ought to embellish the FINIS of every Novel—for when the parson opens his book, the novelist naturally closes hers.

At the end of *one*, and that no very large book, Mrs. Hoffland contrives to dismiss her readers with the conviction of having passed some agreeable hours among people, most of whom we should wish to imitate if we could, and at any rate are inclined to take the very first opportunity of making the attempt. Their characters are not likely to fade away from the mind very quickly, and their sentiments are too full of truth, and sometimes of delicacy and beauty, not to make a lasting impression. We shall not attempt to narrate the story—we could not afford space enough to give it any interest. The character of Mr. Hastings, cold, arrogant, and puritanical in his prosperity, but softened, humbled, and even amiable in adversity, is well conceived and finely drawn; that of his wife, too, is of a superior description. Indeed the whole family of this name bears the stamp of nature and originality. The rest are perhaps ordinary beings, as found in Novels, but they are still men and women.

It is a pity that female Novelists are so little conversant with the business of the world, that they are seldom able to produce any incident which turns on this kind of knowledge without committing some egregious mistake. Miss Edgeworth is a great sinner in this way, with all her pretensions; and Lady Morgan has left no language, art, science, or profession undefiled by her blunders. We are sorry to say that "Integrity" is likewise faulty in this respect. Give an authoress a shade of feeling, a touch of sensibility, or a trait of manners, and she is at home—it is all her own domain; but with debts, bonds, deeds, and bankruptcies they make sad work.

If we are not deceived, "Integrity" is a species of tale new to Mrs. Hoffland's pen. We have long known her as one of those meritorious ladies who "teach the young idea how to shoot" under the patronage of Mr. Harris, in St. Paul's Church-yard, in which *line* she wrote very clever little books—we mean the "Son of a Genius," from which we have again and again received infinite satisfaction. The grown-up readers of the circulating library are also deeply indebted to her for some very good Novels. This is the first time that she has aimed between "wind and water;" the present little volume hits an age somewhere between the man and the boy—or rather the woman and the girl; and for that period of life, we cannot conceive a more interesting or improving story. We earnestly recommend her to persevere in supplying the great necessities of this important epoch in life—a service which her talents well calculate her to perform in a very efficient manner. In order to contribute to this desirable end, we will conclude this notice with a few hints which may be of service to her.

In the first place, we observe in this volume an occasional negligence in the style, and sometimes in the grammar, which, in one who can write so well, is unpardonable. Mrs. Hoffland's sentences are *generally* too long—occasionally involved—occasionally too, from some cause or other, unintelligible—there are also some trifling vulgarities of style, which we could wish to see weeded out—some instances of affectation, and others of absolute error. The word *ever* is perpetually used for *always*. We have such expressions as *positive neighbourhood, determinate address, classic conception, unrealized imaginings, to put on the time*; and there is a talk about a *laced dress that* (which) *could be compressed into no possible room*. THE MONOTONOUS *approach of the King of terrors*, a phrase meaning *Death*, is an instance of bad taste, which spoils the effect of a fine part of the story. All these are blemishes; and there are many other faults, both of the writer and the printer, which might be pointed out, and which we should be glad to see corrected. It does not become us to dictate to Mrs. H. about female dress, but we confess the phrase of a young lady's *huddling on her clothes* (p. 140) is far from decent. We are little acquainted with these matters, but it does seem odd that the heroine, on leaving Richmond for a day or two, should be described as looking for a night-cap to take with her; and certainly it was very slovenly to put this her whole stock of habiliments on the occasion

into her *ridicule* (p. 218.) But this young lady's manners are not always elegant; it does not appear that she has previously met with a woman of title before she made the acquaintance of Lady Hornby, and that is the reason, we suppose, why she calls her "my lady"—"my lady"—an address, we believe, confined to footmen and housekeepers.

Life of William Davison, Secretary of State, and Privy Counsellor to Queen Elizabeth. By N. H. Nicolas, Esq. 8vo. pp. 355. London 1823. J. Nichols & Son.

William Davison, of whose origin nothing is known, and whose name and posterity have vanished from the face of the earth, as if Providence had specially ordered it so to mark the punishment of his guilt, has, after a lapse of two centuries, found an advocate in the author of this *Life*. Except as connected with the history of Elizabeth, it were worthless to inquire whether this man acted the willing tool or ready-service villain, or both—whether he was the too-forward agent of murder, or the sacrifice of higher crime. His vindication touches not us, even had it been established; but with all the partiality of Mr. Nicolas, and with all the varnish of fond biography laid upon the character, there is nothing exhibited to us but the whole-length Portrait of one of those busy bloody sycophants, who haunt despotic courts—one of these remorseless slaves, in whom tyranny finds its fit instruments—one of those wily courtiers, whose cunning overreaches and destroys themselves—"of those officers" who "do the king best service in the end: he keeps them, like an ape in the corner of his jaw, first mouthed, to be last swallowed: when he needs what *they* have gleaned, it is but squeezing *them*, and, sponge, *they* shall be dry again." Such was William Davison to Elizabeth.

It is probable from several circumstances, and particularly from his writing on Scottish Genealogies, that this person was of Scotland. Of obscure parentage, how he rose to office does not appear, but if we look at his later conduct, we may (even in charity) presume of his earlier advancement, that conscientious scruples about the means did not interfere to check the exercise of those abilities which led to the end.

In his zeal to acquit Davison of over-zeal, the author has done some service to letters, by bringing forward, from the British Museum and other sources, several manuscripts of considerable interest. Among these are Davison's will, narratives of what passed between him and the Queen relative to the warrant for Mary's execution, letters from Essex and others of his celebrated contemporaries, and one important document,—a letter from King James to Archibald Douglas on the subject of his mother's condemnation. From these we gather the particulars of that act of collusion, infamy, and murder, which was perpetrated by Elizabeth and the base unfeeling statesmen who surrounded her; and we observe with satisfaction a more convincing proof than has before been published, that James was not only no party to, but a strenuous opposer of this iniquitous deed. While the wary Secretary only preferred the ostensibly legal assassination at Fotheringay, for which he did not expect to be made responsible, to the deep damnation of that secret taking off for which Elizabeth was so anxious, and which would infallibly have been visited upon the heads of its immediate agents as scape-goats for royalty, the King of Scotland interfered with all the ardour of filial piety to save his devoted parent. The following are literal copies of his letters, made from the originals, and unquestionably the most interesting features in the present volume:

"*To Maister Archibald Douglas.*
October 1586.

"Reserve up youreself na longer in the earnist dealing for my mother, for ye have done it to long, and thinke not that any youre travells can do goode, if hir lyfe be taikin, for then adeu with my dealing with thaime that are the speciall instrumentis thairof, and thairfore gif ye look for the contineuance of my favoure touarcis you, spaire na painis nor plaiunes in this cace, bot reid my lettir wretin to william Keith, and conforme youreself quhollie to the contentis thairof, & in this requeist lett me reape the fruictis of youre great credit thaire, ather now or never, fairwell.

"James R."

"A Madame ma tres chere sœur et cousine la royne d'angleterre.

"Madame, and dearest sister, if ye coulde have knouin quhat divers thochtis have agitat my mynde since my directing of William Keith unto you, for the sollisting of this matter quhairto nature and honor so greatly and unfeynedly bindis and obleissis me; if, I say, ye kneu quhat dyvers thochtis I have bene in, and quhat iust greif I hadd ueying deeply the thing itself, if so it should proceid, as godd forbidd, quhat eventis micht follou thairupon, quhat number of straitis I uold be drevin unto, &, amongst the rest, hou it micht perrell my reputation amongst my subiects if thaise thingis, I yett say againe, uayre knouin unto you, then doubt I not but ye wold so farr pittie my cace, as it wold easely mak you at the first to resolve your ouin [mind] best unto it. I doubt greatlie in quhat facon to writt in this purpois, for ye have allreaddie taken sa evill with my playnness, as I feare if I shall persist in that course ye shall rather be exaspe- rattit to passionis in reading the wordis then by the plainness thairof be persuadit to consider richtlie the simple treuth, yett iustlie prefferring the deutie of ane honest freind to the suddaine passionis of one, quho hou soone they be past can uyslier uey, the reasonis then I can sett thaime doune. I have resolvid in feu uordis & plaine, to gif you freindly and best advyce, appealing to youre rypest judgement to discerne thairupon: quhat thing, Madame, can greatlier touche me in honoure that both is a kinge & a sonne, then that my nearest neihboure, being in straittest freindshipp with me, shall rigouruslie putt to death a free souveraigne prince, & my naturall mother, alyke in estaite and sexe to hir that so uses hir, albeit subiect, I grant, to a harder fortoune, and touching hir nearlie in proximitie of bloode; quhat law of godd can permitt that iustice shall strikke upon thaime quhom he hes appointid supreame dispensatouis of the same under him, quhom he hath callid goddis, &, thairfore, subiectid to the censoure of none in earth quhose anointing by godd cannot be defylid be man unrevenged by the authoure thairof, quho being supreme & immediatt lieutenantis of godd in heaven, cannot thairefoire be iudgit by thaire æquallis in earth; quat monstruouse thinge is it, that souveraigne princes thaimeselfis shoulde be the exemple giveris of thaire ouen sacred diademes prophaining, then quhat shoulde move you to this forme of proceiding (supposin the worst, quhiche in goode faith I looke not for at your handis,) honoure or profeitt; honoure waire it to you to spaire quhen it is least lookid for; honoure waire it to you (quhich is not onlie my friendlie advyce but my earnist suite) to tak me & all other princes in europe eternally beholdin unto you, in granting this my so reasonable request, & not (appardon I pray you my free speaking) to putt princes to straittis of honoure, quhair throuch youre generall reputation & the universal (almost) mislyking of you, may daingerouslie perrell both in honoure & utillitie your persoune & estate: ye knou, Madame, uell aneuch hou small difference cicero concludis to be betwixt utile & honestum in his discourse thairof, and quhiche of thaime oucht to be framed to the other; & nou, madame, to concluide, I pray you so to uey thir feu argumentis, that as I ever presumed of youre nature, so the quhole worlde may praise your subiectis for thair deutifull caire for your preservation, & youreself for youre princelie pittie, the doing quhairof onlie belangis unto you, the parforming quhairof onlie apparteynis unto you, & the praise thairof onlie will ever be youris: respect then goode sister, this my first so long contineuid & so earnist request, dispatching my ambassadouis with suche a comfortable ansoure as may become your persoune to give, & as my loving & honest hairt unto you meritis to ressave; but in kaice any do vaunt thaimselfis to know further of my mynde in this matter, then my ambassadouis do, quho indeid are fullie aquentid thairwith. I pray you not to takk me to be a cameleon, but by the contrairie, thaime to be maliciouse imposteuris as suirlie thay are; and thus praying you hairtlie to excuse my to ruide and longsum lettir, I committ you, madame, and dearest sister, to the blessid protection of the most hie, quho mott give you grace so to resolve in this maitter, as may be honorabill for you, and most acceptable to him: from my palleis, of holirudhouse, the 26 day of Januarie, 1586.—Youre most loving & affectionate brother & cousin,

"James R."

Having quoted these honourable testimonies to the feelings of James, we shall not go into the dissection of the foul practices under which poor Mary fell. Davison is seen as the prompter of Elizabeth, instigating her willing mind to the slaughter of her cousin; and Elizabeth's disposition to lay this fatal stain upon her character, evidently sanctioning a greater crime than that which her subservient secretary committed, is made appallingly clear. Indeed the desire of the Queen to butcher her rival gave the tone to all her counsellors and court; and they are displayed to us in the light of accomplices, each taking a hand in this infamous act, no one daring singly to execute it.

For Davison, who at last fell into his own snare, and committing himself more than his crafty compeers, thus incurred alone that disgrace and punishment which all deserved, we feel neither regard nor compassion. If ever there was an instance of striking moral lesson it was his;—his, one of "these cases" in which

> "We still have judgment here; that we but teach
> *Bloody instructions*, which, being taught, return
> To plague the inventor. This even-handed justice
> Commends the ingredients of our poison'd chalice
> To our own lips."——

Davison, after his release from the Tower, lived in privacy at Stepney, where he died at an advanced age in Dec. 1608, and was buried without a memorial. His race is extinct, and his apologist, Mr. Nicolas, has not, in our opinion, raised a doubt which could make any good man wish to be named as his descendant.

HUNTER'S MEMOIRS.

Having in our first notice traced the life of "*The Hunter*" from his infant captivity till the eve of that epocha when his savage companionship ended, we shall, without interrupting the narrative by reflections (though many present themselves, and it would be curious to inquire into the probable cause of his acting differently from his native friends,) take up the story where our preceding Number left it.

The extraordinary travels of "sixteen months" to the Pacific were, as we showed, followed by honours and respect. Shorter hunting excursions, and migratory wanderings, as usual with these tribes, filled the ensuing seasons; and from one of these we copy a description vividly displaying the hardships and vicissitudes to which the Indian is so constantly exposed. The party had been overtaken by a dreadful snow storm, and the writer says,

"The flakes fell in such rapid succession, as nearly to fill the atmosphere; and were driven by the vehemence of the winds with such force as almost to obstruct our vision. The weather was intensely cold, and no retreat was to be found to shelter us from these threatening catastrophes. We spread a few skins on the snow, crowded in a heap upon them, covered ourselves with what remained, and, under the strongest conviction that our existence would here terminate, devoutly resigned ourselves to the disposition of the Great Spirit. The place where we had thus committed ourselves proved afterwards to be situated on the borders of a thin, stinted growth of pines, on one side of which was a field of snow extending beyond the reach of vision, through which the terminating branches of some shrubbery occasionally made their appearance.

"How long we remained in this state is altogether out of my power to say; but we we had fallen asleep, and were awakened by the howling of a wolf, which sometimes was very near us, and at others, receded till it was lost in remoteness. The repetition of this circumstance induced the belief that our retreat had been discovered by one of these animals, which, not being sufficiently courageous to attack us alone, had raised the cries we heard to rally others to his assistance. With a view, should such prove the fact, of resisting them and procuring some food to resuscitate our nearly exhausted frames, we attempted to rise, but found ourselves confined by an almost irresistible barrier of snow; and, thinking it more advisable to dig ourselves a passage out, than to continue efforts, which, if they succeeded, would spoil our lodge, we soon made an aperture through which we might pass with facility, though none of us, at this time, ventured out. To the tempest, which so lately threatened our existence, had succeeded a most brilliant moonlight night; the winds had hushed, and all, except the distant howls of the wolf, as before noticed, was profound silence. In this state of things, Wen-gashee, one of our party, placed himself in the outlet of our lodge with his rifle, and, much to our joy and relief, shot the wolf soon after, as it approached him. From long abstinence our desire for food had become voracious; and part of this animal was literally devoured by us, without undergoing any preparation, while it was yet warm in its blood. This repast, although made in an intensely cold night, on the surface of a deep snow, and with very little more to cover us than the ethereal arch, was by far the most delicious that any of our party had ever before enjoyed. We had scarcely completed it, when our ears were again assailed with the approaching howls of another wolf; we therefore retreated to our snowy cell, lay in wait as before, and on its arrival shot this also. In the course of the night we killed four more, which were probably attracted in succession to the place by the howlings of those that preceded. Several more approached us in the forenoon of the following day, but they were so shy that we could not get within shooting-distance of them. The snow, in the late storm, fell in great quantities; and, in consequence of the violence of the winds, had formed into deep drifts, particularly where we were. Our cell, for such the place we now occupied might with propriety be called, was directly under one of them, which was several feet deep. The warmth of our bodies had occasioned the snow to settle somewhat beneath us, but not sufficiently so to afford room for a comfortable sitting posture. We therefore set to work, and in a short time, with the assistance of our skins, excavated the snow to a depth and extent sufficiently great to contain us in any desirable posture.

"With the stock of food we had on hand, we might have remained several days, comparatively comfortable, provided it had been possible to have kept a fire; but such a measure was incompatible with the existence of our mansion, and to have removed from it would be to expose ourselves to other, and perhaps greater dangers and inconveniences. We therefore formed a curtain door to our habitation with a bear-skin, secured our provisions as well as we could, lighted our pipes, and smoked the day away in gloomy silence. The night following, we watched by turns for the wolves, and killed three more early in the evening, which were the last we saw while in this singular encampment, though we often distinctly heard their howls at a distance. We had suffered much from cold on the preceding day, and determining, if possible, to obviate a similar occurrence, we cut down several of the neighbouring pines, with the trunks of which we pitched a roof over our lodge, thatched it with branches and leaves, and finally made it tight with the snow which we broke away from the arch and walls of our snow cell below. Soon after we made a fire in it, but found ourselves, in the course of the following day, extremely uncomfortable from the dampness of our situation. We remedied this inconvenience in a short time, by forming a sort of floor of the same materials, omitting the snow, as used for the roof, and subsequently kept ourselves, in respect to temperature, tolerably comfortable. In respect to food, our situation was far otherwise: we were constantly on a very limited allowance, and, towards the close of this extraordinary sojourning, without any thing to eat, except moss and the inner bark of trees, for several days together; so that our situation became extremely alarming, from the prospect of starvation.

"Some attempts were made to take game, but not a trace of any living creature, except wolves, could be discovered: we tried various arts to decoy some of them, but without success. Although the weather had moderated very much, and the snow was rapidly dissolving, yet, as we were comparatively without covering, three of our robes, or rather skins, having been much burnt, and others cut up for mockasins, it would have been exceedingly hazardous, and perhaps fatal to some of us, to have abandoned our encampment, circumstanced as we were. At this period, scarcely a single ray of hope glimmered between us and the grave: we were nearly in a helpless situation, and despondency had seized on us; but in the midst of our distress, the Great Spirit forsook us not.

"On the morning of a very pleasant day, I had strolled, or rather crawled, a short distance from our cell with my rifle, in hopes that game of some kind or other would make its appearance. In this expectation, extraordinary as it may seem, I was not disappointed; for I had scarcely proceeded one hundred yards, before my attention was attracted by an extraordinary large elk, which was approaching me in rather an oblique direction, in a careless and easy gait. Fortunately, there happened to be a slight elevation, or drift of snow, just a head, behind which I skreened myself, and when it had arrived, as I thought, sufficiently near, shot at, and wounded it; but notwithstanding it made off at full speed. Some of the strongest and best provided of our party, hearing the report of my rifle, came up to ascertain the cause, joined in pursuit, and soon discovered, to our surprise, a large panther fixed upon its throat, and devouring it with great rapacity. We shot two balls through the body of this intruder, which, on first discovering us, as though aware that he should be forced to dispute the prize, had put himself in an attitude of defence; showing his fangs, and growling defiance. As soon as the panther had received our balls, he made several bounds of surprising length, directly towards us, and then, perhaps fortunately for us, fell dead. We now repaired with a part of the elk to our camp, and after having indulged our appetites immoderately, we brought in the balance in the course of the day. This seasonable supply at first occasioned a distressing sickness to all our party; but, finally, it re-animated our drooping spirits, and enabled us, shortly after, to visit the haunts of the elk, where we killed two more, which, like the former, were from a third to a half larger than any we had before seen. We found great difficulty in carrying these animals to our cell.

"We next dressed their skins, repaired our mockasins and robes, dried some of the meat, and after returning thanks to the Great Spirit for having preserved us through so many perils, commenced our march down the Mississippi."

After much toil they traced their way back to the Osages, with whom they found a Col. Watkins and a Mr. Combs trading. These persons treated our author with particular attention, and invited him to visit the White Settlements; but his attachment to a life of wild nature resisted their persuasions, till an accident accomplished his fate. It was secretly determined among the savages to massacre Col. Watkins and his party; but Hunter's soul revolting at this barbarity towards those who had treated him with kindness, he resolved to warn them of their danger at all risks, and save their lives. The account follows:

"After I had matured my plan to my own satisfaction, I dissembled, very much to my surprise, with as plausible assurance as I have since sometimes seen practised in civilized life. In fact, I not only acted my part so well as to avoid suspicion, but maintained so high a place in their confidence, as to be intrusted, at my own solicitation, to guard our encampment. This office is of great importance among the Indians; but it seldom exists, except when a measure of consequence has been fixed on, for the successful termination of which, secrecy and despatch become necessary. The whiskey being exhausted, and the Indians retired to rest,

under its stupefactive influence, I silently and cautiously removed all the flints from the guns, emptied the primings from the pans, took my own rifle, and other equipments, and mounting the best horse that had been stolen on the preceding day, made my escape, and gave the alarm to Watkins and his party.

"I made considerable noise in taking my horse, and disengaging the others from their fastenings, so as to prevent their use, in case the Indians should discover my absence, and determine on pursuing me. Our dog heard me, and gave the alarm; at least I suppose such was the case, as it barked very loud, at first pursued me, and then alternately broke off and renewed the pursuit with increased ardor, as though it had been recently urged on and encouraged. The distance from our camp to Watkins's was between twenty-five and thirty miles; more than half of which was through thick briars and brush-wood, where there was neither path nor trait to direct me. It was before the dawn of day, and quite dark when I left them, in consequence of which, and the expedition I made, I lost every thing I had except my rifle.

"On arriving at the crossing place of the Brushy Fork, I left the main, or Wells's trace, which, to avoid a rocky hill, led circuitously round and over a tremulous swamp. I apprehended, in case I followed it, that my horse might be swallowed up, and that I should be overtaken by my pursuers and destroyed. I therefore took my course over an almost impassable acclivity, which detained me nearly as much time as Wells's trace would, had it been passable for a horse.

"When I had passed this hill, and struck the path I had just left, it had become light, and, not discovering any one in pursuit, much against my own inclination, but in obedience to a necessary policy, I shot the dog, reloaded my rifle, and then continued my flight as fast as my horse could possibly carry me.

"The dog had hitherto been a constant source of annoyance and apprehension to me, on account of the continual barking it kept up; which, if the Indians were following, as I had reason to believe was the case, served to pilot them in their pursuit.

"Relieved from my perplexing companion, I varied my course at the first stream of water I came to, by following its channel a short distance downward; and then striking off to my left, I soon crossed the prairies, and arrived at Watkins's camp before any one had left it in pursuit of game, as heretofore had been the daily practice.

"From the darkness of the night, the interruption and roughness of the way, and the haste I had made, I had lost my apparel, was badly lacerated, bleeding, and much exhausted.

"The powerful agitations under which my mind laboured, my gestures and features, and the manner and unusual hour of my arrival, spoke in a language not to be mistaken, that something extraordinary had, or was about to happen, and filled the whole party with surprise and the deepest anxiety. In very few words I informed them of the murder of La Fouche, and the danger they themselves were in. The hunters in general were exceedingly alarmed, and proposed an immediate retreat; but Colonel Watkins, who was a brave and courageous man, would not listen to it. He instantly ordered the preparations to be made to repel any attack that might be made on them, and I was requested to join in the defence, should one become necessary: but I refused, stating that it was sufficient for me to have betrayed my countrymen, without augmenting the crime, by fighting against, and possibly killing some of them. Colonel Watkins replied that they were not my countrymen; that I was a white man; and what I had done, and what he requested me to do, were no more than my duty to the white people required me to perform.

"My prejudices against the whites generally were at this time as great as they had ever before been: my attachment for the Indians and Indian mode of life was ardent and enthusiastic; I therefore could not, or rather would not, understand this new relationship. I now hated the very looks of Colonel Watkins, who, before, had appeared so amiable and good; despised myself for the treachery of which I had been culpable, and almost regretted the part I had performed. This change in my conduct and feelings could not escape the notice of Watkins; who, sensible of the obligations he was under to me, and having, previously to my arrival, nearly completed his arrangements for descending the Arkansas, ordered instant preparations to be made for a decampment. I descended the river with this party, nearly to its junction with the Mississippi."

(*To be concluded in our next.*)

BALLANTYNE'S NOVELIST'S LIBRARY.

[*Volume V. Second and concluding notice.*]

Upon the prefatory Memoir to Henry Mackenzie, Sir Walter Scott has bestowed a friendly labour. This pathetic writer, born in 1745, is the last link which connects the giants of Scottish literature of a preceding generation, with her worthies of the present age; and in this point of view, independently of his own merits, he offered a fine subject for the pen of admiring biography. The Man of Feeling, the Man of the World, Julia de Roubigné, the Mirror, and the Lounger, besides several Plays, are among the evidences of Mr. Mackenzie's attachment to the belles lettres; and his life of John Home * is a monument of his own fame.

The time (says Sir Walter, affectionately and modestly,)—"the time, we trust, is yet distant, when, speaking of this author as of those with whom his genius ranks him, a biographer may with delicacy trace his personal character and peculiarities, or record the manner in which he has discharged the duties of a citizen. When that hour shall arrive, we trust few of his own contemporaries will be left to mourn him; but we can anticipate the sorrow of a later generation, when deprived of the wit which enlivened their hours of retirement, the benevolence which directed and encouraged their studies, and the wisdom which instructed them in their duties to society. It is enough to say here, that Mr. Mackenzie survives, venerable and venerated, as the last link of the chain which connects the Scottish literature of the present age with the period when there were giants in the land—the days of Robertson, and Hume, and Smith, and Home, and Clerk, and Fergusson; and that the remembrance of an era so interesting could not have been intrusted to a sounder judgment, a more correct taste, or a more tenacious memory. It is much to be wished, that Mr. Mackenzie, taking a wider view of his earlier years than in the *Life of Home*, would place on a more permanent record some of the anecdotes and recollections with which he delights society. We are about to measure his capacity for the task by a singular standard, but it belongs to Mr. Mackenzie's character. He has, we believe, shot game of every description which Scotland contains, (deer, and probably grouse, excepted,) on the very grounds at present occupied by the extensive and splendid streets of the New Town of Edinburgh; has sought for hares and wild ducks, where there are now palaces, churches, and assembly-rooms; and has witnessed moral revolutions as surprising as this extraordinary change of local circumstances. These mutations in manners and in morals have been gradual indeed in their progress, but most important in their results, and they have been introduced into Scotland within the last half century. Every sketch of them, or of the circumstances by which they were produced, from the pen of so intelligent an observer, and whose opportunities of observation have been so extensive, would, however slight and detached, rival in utility and amusement any work of the present time.

"As an author, Mr. Mackenzie has shewn talents both for poetry and the drama. Indeed we are of opinion, that no man can succeed perfectly in the line of fictitious composition, without most of the properties of a poet, though he may be no writer of verses; but Mr. Mackenzie possesses the powers of melody in addition to those of conception. He has given a beautiful specimen of legendary poetry, in two little Highland ballads, a style of composition which becomes fashionable from time to time, on account of its simplicity and pathos, and then is again laid aside, when worn out by the servile imitators, to whom its approved facility offers its chief recommendation. But it is as a Novelist that we are now called on to consider our author's powers; and the universal and permanent popularity of his writings entitles us to rank him among the most distinguished of his class. His works possess the rare and invaluable property of originality, to which all other qualities are as dust in the balance; and the sources to which he resorts to excite our interest, are rendered accessible by a path peculiarly his own. The reader's attention is not rivetted, as in Fielding's works, by strongly marked character, and the lucid evolution of a well-constructed fable; or as in Smollet's novels, by broad and strong humour, and a decisively superior knowledge of human life in all its varieties; nor, to mention authors whom Mackenzie more nearly resembles, does he attain the pathetic effect which is the object of all three, in the same manner as Richardson, or as Sterne. An accumulation of circumstances, sometimes amounting to tediousness, a combination of minutely traced events, with an ample commentary on each, were thought necessary by Richardson to excite and prepare the mind of the reader for the affecting scenes which he has occasionally touched with such force; and without denying him his due merit, it must be allowed that he has employed preparatory volumes in accomplishing what has cost Mackenzie and Sterne only a few pages, perhaps only a few sentences."

The following is also a valuable dictum, coming as it does from so high a quarter:

"We have heard that some of Harley's feelings were taken from those of the author

* Reviewed in the *Lit. Gaz.* of last year.

himself, when, at his first entrance on the dry and barbarous study of municipal law, he was looking back, like Blackstone, on the land of the Muses, which he was condemned to leave behind him. It has also been said, that the fine sketch of Miss Walton was taken from the heiress of a family of distinction, who ranked at that time high in the Scottish fashionable world. But such surmises are little worth the tracing; for we believe no original character was ever composed by any author, without the idea having been previously suggested by something which he had observed in nature."

We have only farther to quote the conclusion of this sketch.

"In short, Mackenzie aimed at being the historian of feeling, and has succeeded in the object of his ambition. But as mankind are never contented, and as critics are certainly no exception to a rule so general, we could wish that, without losing or altering a line our author has written, he had condescended to give us, in addition to his stores of sentiment,—a romance on life and manners, by which, we are convinced, he would have twisted another branch of laurel into his garland. However, as Sebastian expresses it, 'What had been, is unknown; what is, appears.' We must be proudly satisfied with what we have received, and happy that, in this line of composition, we can boast a living author, of excellence like that of Henry Mackenzie.

A very brief *touch* of Walpole and Clara Reeve must still (from pressure of matter) be reserved.

JAMES' EXPEDITION TO THE ROCKY MOUNTAINS.

Our extracts from these volumes hitherto, have been so much in the way of separate sketches of Indian manners, &c. that we have felt no hesitation in continuing them through a longer series of Numbers than is our "use and wont." We left the American party on their journey towards the Platte, after breaking up from their winter cantonments on the Missouri, and stated, that they began their march by visiting the Pawnees. Of a tribe of these, we have the following:

"In the plain about the village, we noticed several little groups of squaws, busily engaged in dressing the skins of the bison for robes. When the processes of tanning and dressing are completed, and the inner surface of the skin dry, figures are traced upon it with vermilion, and other showy colours.

"These are designed as ornaments, but are sometimes a record of important facts. The story of a battle is often depicted in this way, and the robe of a warrior is frequently decorated with the narration, in pictures, of some of his exploits." . . . .

On arriving at the river Platte, the landscape with its living tenantry is wonderful:

"Our view (says the Author) of the opposite margin of the Platte, during this day's march, had been intercepted by an elevated swell of the surface, which extended along, parallel to the river, that we were now approaching. Immediately upon surmounting this undulation, we saw before us, upon the broad expanse of the left margin of the river, immense herds of bisons, grazing in undisturbed possession, and obscuring, with the density of their numbers, the verdant plain; to the right and left, as far as the eye was permitted to rove, the crowd seemed hardly to diminish, and it would be no exaggeration to say, that at least ten thousand here burst on our sight in the instant. Small columns of dust were occasionally wafted by the wind from bulls that were pawing the earth, and rolling; the interest of action was also communicated to the scene, by the unwieldy playfulness of some individuals, that the eye would occasionally rest upon, their real or affected combats, or by the slow or rapid progress of others to and from their watering places. On the distant bluffs, individuals were constantly disappearing, whilst others were presenting themselves to our view, until, as the dusk of the evening increased, their massive forms, thus elevated above the line of other objects, were but dimly defined on the skies. We retired to our evening fare, highly gratified with the novel spectacle we had witnessed, and with the most sanguine expectations of the future.

"In the morning we again sought the living picture, but upon all the plain which last evening was so teeming with noble animals, not one remained. We forded the Platte with less delay and difficulty than we had encountered in crossing the north fork."

The view of so immense a herd of such animals as are known to London through the specimen called the Bonassus, must have been almost terrifying; but it does not appear that the Bison bull ever attacks man. The only peril resulting from him is that of falling into the pits which he paws up in order to roll himself in the sand; and these are so numerous in parts as to render travelling both difficult and dangerous.

"The dun colour prevails on the coat of the bison; but the long hair of the anterior part of the body, with the exception of the head, is more or less tinged with yellowish or rust colour. The uniformity of colour, however, amongst these animals is so steadfast, that any considerable deviation from the ordinary standard is regarded by the natives as effected under the immediate influence of the Divinity.

"A trader of the Missouri informed us that he had seen a grayish-white bison, and that another, a yearling calf, was distinguished by several white spots on the side, and by a white frontal mark and white fore feet.

"Mr. J. Dougherty saw in an Indian hut a bison head, very well prepared, which had a white star on the front; the owner valued it highly, calling it his great medicine; he could not be tempted to part with it; 'for,' said he, 'the herds come every season into the vicinity to seek their white-faced companion.'

"They are the skins of the cows almost exclusively that are used in commerce; those of the bulls being so large, heavy, and difficult to prepare, that this is comparatively seldom attempted.

"That the bison formerly ranged over the Atlantic states there can be no doubt; and Lawson informs us that even in his time some were killed in Virginia; and Cumming, in his Sketches of a Tour to the Western country, informs us that, 'long after the country (Kentucky) began to be generally settled, and ceased to be a hunting ground by the Indians,' the 'buffaloes, bears, and deer, were so plenty in the country that little or no bread was used,' and 'the facility of gaining them prevented the progress of agriculture, until the poor innocent buffaloes were completely extirpated, and the other wild animals much thinned.' This process of extirpation has not since been relaxed, and the bison is now driven beyond the lakes, the Illinois, and southern portion of the Mississipi rivers, their range extending from the country west of Hudson's bay to the nothern provinces of Mexico."

The Rocky Mountains themselves are rich in natural history—many new animals and plants were discovered—and the author's description of the ascent to the highest peak is extremely interesting. After detailing the striking features of the lower parts, Mr. J. continues,

. . . . "We found the trees of a smaller size, and more scattered in proportion to the elevation at which they grew; and arrived at about twelve o'clock at the limit above which none are found. This is a defined line, encircling the peak in a part which, when seen from the plain, appeared near the summit; but when we arrived at it, a greater part of the whole elevation of the mountain seemed still before us. Above the timber the ascent is steeper, but less difficult than below; the surface being so highly inclined, that the large masses, when loosened, roll down, meeting no obstruction until they arrive at the commencement of the timber. The red cedar, and the flexile pine, are the trees which appear at the greatest elevation. These are small, having thick and extremely rigid trunks; and near the commencement of the naked part of the mountain, they have neither limbs nor bark on that side which is exposed to the descending masses of rocks. It may appear a contradiction to assert, that trees have grown in a situation so exposed as to be unable to produce or retain bark or limbs on one side; yet of the fact that they are now standing and living in such a situation there can be no doubt. It is, perhaps, probable the timber may formerly have extended to a greater elevation on the sides of this peak than at present, so that those trees which are now on the outskirts of the forest were formerly protected by their more exposed neighbours.

"A few trees were seen above the commencement of snow; but these are very small, and entirely procumbent, being sheltered in the crevices and fissures of the rock. There are also the roots of trees to be seen at some distance above the part where any are now standing.

"A little above the point where the timber disappears entirely, commences a region of astonishing beauty, and of great interest on account of its productions. The intervals of soil are sometimes extensive, and covered with a carpet of low but brilliantly-flowering alpine plants. Most of these have either matted procumbent stems, or such as, including the flower, rarely rise more than an inch in height. In many of them the flower is the most conspicuous and the largest part of the plant, and in all the colouring is astonishingly brilliant.

"A deep blue is the prevailing colour among these flowers; and the pentstemon erianthera, the mountain columbine (aquilegia cærulea), and other plants common to less elevated districts, were much more intensely coloured than in ordinary situations. It cannot be doubted, that the peculiar brilliancy of colouring observed in alpine plants, inhabiting near the utmost limits of phænogamous vegetation, depends principally upon the intensity of the light trans-

mitted from the bright and unobscured atmosphere of those regions, and increased by reflection from the immense impending masses of snow. May the deep cerulean tint of the sky have an influence in producing the corresponding colour so prevalent in the flowers of these alpine plants? At about two o'clock we found ourselves so much exhausted as to render a halt necessary. - - -

"We halted at a place about a mile above the edge of the timber. The stream by which we were sitting we could perceive to fall immediately from a large body of snow, which filled a deep ravine on the south-eastern side of the peak. Below us, on the right, were two or three extensive patches of snow; and ice could be seen every where in the crevices of the rocks.

"Here, as we were sitting at our dinner, we observed several small animals, nearly of the size of the common grey squirrel, but shorter, and more clumsily built. They were of a dark grey colour, inclining to brown, with a short thick head, and erect rounded ears. In habits and appearance, they resemble the prairie dog, and are believed to be a species of the same genus. The mouth of their burrow is usually placed under the projection of a rock; and near these the party afterwards saw several of the little animals watching their approach, and uttering all the time a shrill note, somewhat like that of the ground squirrel. Several attempts were made to procure a specimen of this animal, but always without success, as we had no guns but such as carried a heavy ball.

"After sitting about half an hour, we found ourselves somewhat refreshed, but much benumbed with cold. We now found it would be impossible to reach the summit of the mountain, and return to our camp of the preceding night, during that part of the day which remained; but as we could not persuade ourselves to turn back, after having so nearly accomplished the ascent, we resolved to take our chance of spending the night on whatever part of the mountain it might overtake us. - - - - We met, as we proceeded, such numbers of unknown and interesting plants, as to occasion much delay in collecting; and were under the mortifying necessity of passing by numbers we saw in situations difficult of access.

"As we approached the summit, these became less frequent, and at length ceased entirely. Few cryptogamous plants are seen about any part of the mountain; and neither these nor any others occur frequently on the top of the peak. There is an area of ten or fifteen acres, forming the summit, which is nearly level; and on this part scarce a lichen was to be seen. It is covered to a great depth with large splintery fragments of a rock entirely similar to that found at the base of the peak, except perhaps a little more compact in its structure. By removing a few of these fragments, they were found to rest upon a bed of ice, which is of great thickness, and may, perhaps, be as permanent as the rocks with which it occurs.

"It was about 4 o'clock P. M. when the party arrived on the summit. - - -

"The weather was calm and clear while the detachment remained on the peak; but we were surprised to observe the air in every direction filled with such clouds of grasshoppers, as partially to obscure the day. They had been seen in vast numbers about all the higher parts of the mountain, and many had fallen upon the snow and perished. It is, perhaps, difficult to assign the cause which induces these insects to ascend to those highly elevated regions of the atmosphere. Possibly they may have undertaken migrations to some remote district; but there appears not the least uniformity in the direction of their movements. They extended upwards from the summit of the mountain to the utmost limit of vision; and as the sun shone brightly, they could be seen, by the glittering of their wings, at a very considerable distance.

"About all the woodless parts of the mountain, and particularly on the summit, numerous tracks were seen, resembling those of the common deer, but most probably have been those of the animal called the big horn."

The account of the Coquimbo owl relates to the curious habits of that bird:—

"In all the prairie-dog villages we had passed, small owls had been observed moving briskly about, but they had hitherto eluded all our attempts to take them. One was here caught, and on examination, found to be the species denominated coquimbo, or burrowing owl, (strix cunicularia.) This fellow citizen of the prairie-dog, unlike its grave and recluse congeners, is of a social disposition, and does not retire from the light of the sun, but endures the strongest mid-day glare of that luminary, and is in all respects a diurnal bird. It stands high upon its legs, and flies with the rapidity of the hawk. The coquimbo owl, both in Chili and St. Domingo, agreeably to the accounts of Molina and Viellot, digs large burrows for its habitations, and for the purposes of incubation; the former author gives us to understand that the burrow penetrates the earth to a considerable depth, whilst Viellot informs us that in St. Domingo the depth is about two feet.

"With us the owl never occurred but in the prairie-dog villages, sometimes in a small flock much scattered, and often perched on different hillocks, at a distance deceiving the eye with the appearance of the prairie-dog itself in an erect posture. They are not shy, but readily admit the hunter within gun-shot; but on his too near approach, a part or the whole of them rise upon the wing, uttering a note very like that of the prairie-dogs, and alight at a short distance, or continue their flight beyond the view.

"The burrows into which we have seen the owl descend, resembled in all respects those of the prairie-dog, leading us to suppose, either that they were common, though, perhaps not friendly occupants of the same burrow, or that the owl was the exclusive tenant of a burrow gained by right of conquest. But it is at the same time possible, that, as in Chili, the owl may excavate his own tenement.

"From the remarkable coincidence of note between these too widely distinct animals, we might take occasion to remark the probability of the prairie-dog being an unintentional tutor to the young owl, did we not know that this bird utters the same sounds in the West Indies, where the prairie-dog is not known to exist."

A division next ascended the Arkansa; but this forms also a proper division of our subject.

ORIGINAL CORRESPONDENCE.

HISTORICAL NOTICES OF TWO CHARACTERS IN PEVERIL OF THE PEAK.

THE venerable Dr. Dryasdust, in a preparatory dialogue, apprizes the Eidolon, or apparition of the author, that he stood "much accused for adulterating the pure sources of historical knowledge;" and is answered by that emanation of genius, "that he has done some service to the public if he can present to them a lively fictitious picture, for which the original anecdote or circumstance which he made free to press into his service, only furnished a slight sketch;" "that by introducing to the busy and the youthful

'Truths severe in fairy fiction dressed,'

and by creating an interest in fictitious adventures ascribed to a historical period and characters, the reader begins next to be anxious *to learn what the facts really were*, and how far the novelist has justly represented them."

The adventures ascribed to "historical characters" would however fail in their moral aim, if fiction were placed at variance with truth; if Hampden or Sydney, for example, were painted as swindlers; or Lady Jane Grey, or Rachel Russel, as abandoned women!

"Odzooks! must one swear to the truth of a song?" although an excellent joke, were a bad palliation in such a case. Fancy may be fairly indulged in the illustration, but not in the perversion of fact; and if the fictitious picture should have no general resemblance to the original, the flourish of

"Truths severe in fairy fiction dressed"

were but an aggravation of the wrong.

The family of Christian is indebted to this splendid luminary of the North for abundant notoriety.

The William Christian, represented on one part as an ungrateful traitor, on the other as the victim of a judicial murder, and his brother (or relative) Edward, one of the suite of a Duke[1] of Buckingham, were so far real historical persons. Whether the talents and skill of Edward in imposing on Fenella a feigned silence of several years, be among the legitimate or supernatural wonders of this fertile genius, his fair readers do not seem to be agreed. Whether the residue of the canvas, filled up with a masterly picture of the most consummate hypocrite and satanic villain ever presented to the imagination, be consistent with the historical character of this individual, is among the subjects of research to which the novelist has given a direct invitation in his prefatory chapter.

English history furnishes few materials to aid the investigation of transactions chiefly confined to the Isle of Man. Circumstances led me, many years ago, to visit this ancient Lilliput; whether as one of those "smart fellows worth talking to," "in consequence of a tumble from my barouche," "as a ruined miner," or as "a disappointed speculator," is of no material import. It may be that temporary embarrassment drove me into seclusion, without any of the irresistible inducements alluded to; and want of employment, added to the acquaintance and aid of a zealous local antiquary, gradually led to an examination of all accessible authorities on this very subject among others. So it happened, that I had not landed many hours before I found the mournful ditty of "William

[1] Not the Duke described in Peveril, but the companion of Charles I. in his Spanish romance.

Dhone," (*brown or fair-haired William*, this very identical William Christian,) twanged through the demi-nasal, demi guttural trumpet of the carman, and warbled by the landlady's pretty daughter; in short, making as great a figure in its little sphere as did once the more important ballad of Chevy Chace in its wider range: the burden of the song purporting that William Dhone was the mirror of virtue and patriotism, and that envy, hatred, and malice, and all uncharitableness, operate the destruction of the wisest and the best.

Themes of popular feeling naturally attract the earliest notice of a stranger; and I found the story of this individual, though abundantly garbled and discoloured on the insular records, full of circumstances to excite the deepest interest, but which, to be rendered intelligible, must be approached by a circuitous route, in which neither elfin, page, nor maiden fair, can be the companion of our walk.

The loyal and celebrated James, 7th Earl of Derby, was induced, by the circumstances of the times, to fix his chief residence in the Isle of Man from 1643 to 1651.[2] During this period he composed, in the form of a letter[3] to his son Charles (Lord Strange,) an historical account of that island, with a statement of his own proceedings there; interspersed with much political advice for the guidance of his successor, full of acute observation, and evincing an intimate acquaintance with the works of Machiavelli, which it appears, by a quotation,[4] that he had studied in a Latin edition. The work, although formally divided into chapters and numbered paragraphs, is professedly desultory,[5] and furnishes few means of determining the relative dates of its facts, which must accordingly be supplied by internal evidence, and in some cases by conjecture.

He appears to have been drawn thither, in 1643, by letters[6] intimating the danger of a revolt: the "people had begun the fashion of England in murmuring;" "assembled in a tumultuous manner; desiring new laws, they would have no bishops, pay no tithes to the clergie, despised authority, rescued people committed by the Governor," &c. &c.

The Earl's first care was to apply himself to the consideration of these insurrectionary movements; and as he found some interruption to his proceedings in the conduct of *Edward Christian*,[7] an attempt shall be made, so far as our limits will admit, to extract the Earl's own account of this person. "I was newly[8] got acquainted with Captain Christian, whom I perceived to have abilities enough to do me service. I was told he had made a good fortune in the Indies, that he was a Mankesman borne." - - "He is excellent good compaule; as rude as a sea captain should be; but refined as one that had civilized himself half a year at Court, where he served the Duke of Buckingham." - - "While he governed here some few years he pleased me very well," &c. &c. "But such is the condition of man, that most will have some fault or other to blurr all their best vertues; and his was of that condition which is reckoned with drunkenness, viz. *covetousness*, both marked *with age* to increase and grow in man. - - - When a Prince has given all, and the favourite can desire no more, they both grow weary of one another."[9]

An account of the Earl's successive public meetings, short, from the limits of our sketch, is extracted in a note[10] from the headings of the chapters (apparently composed by Peck.) In the last of these meetings it appears that Edward Christian attempted at its close to recapitulate the business of the day: "Asked if we did not agree thus and thus," mentioning some things (says the Earl) "he had instructed the people to aske; which happily they had forgot." The Earl accordingly rose in wrath, and, after a short speech, "bad the court to rise, and no man to speak more."—"Some (he adds) were *committed to prison*, and there abided, until, upon *submission* and assurance of *being very good* and *quiet*, they were released, and others were put into their rooms.—I thought fit to make them be *deeply fined*; since this they all come in most submisse and *loving manner*."[11] Pretty efficient means of producing *quiet*, if the despot be strong enough, and with it such *love* as suits a despot's fancy. Among the prisoners were *Edward Christian* and his brother William of Knockrushen; the latter was released in 1644, on giving bond, among other conditions, *not to depart the island without licence*.

Of Edward, the Earl says, "I will return unto Captain Christian, whose business must be heard next week" (either in 1644 or early in 1645.) "*He is still in prison*, and I believe many wonder thereat, as savoring of injustice, and that his trial should be deferred so long." "Also his business is of that condition that *it concerns not Himself alone*." "If a Jurie of the people do passe upon him (being he had so cajoled them to believe he suffers for their sakes,) it is likely they should quit him, and then might he laugh at us, whom I had rather he had betrayed." "I remember one sayd it was much safer to take mens lives than their estates: for their children will sooner much forget the death of their father than the loss of their patrimonie."[12] Edward *died in custody* in Peel Castle in 1650,[13] after an imprisonment of between seven and eight years; and so far, at least, no ground can be discovered for that gratitude which is afterwards said to have been violated by this family, unless indeed we transplant ourselves to those countries where it is the fashion to flog a public officer one day and replace him in authority the next.

The insular records detail with minuteness the complaints of the people relative to the exactions of the church, and their adjustment by a sort of public arbitration in October 1643. But it is singular, that neither in these records, nor in the Earl's very studied narrative, of the modes of discussion, the offences, and the punishments, is one word to be found regarding the more important points actually at issue between himself and the people. The fact, however, is fully developed, as if by accident, in one of the Chapters (xvi.) of this very desultory but sagacious performance. "There comes this very instant an occasion to me to acquaint you with a special matter, which, if

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[2] His countess resided at Latham House (her heroic defence of which is well known) until 1644 or 5, when she also retired to the Isle of Man. A contemporary publication, the *Mercurius Aulicus, by John Birkenhead*, says, "the Countesse, it seems, stole the Earls breeches, when he fled long since into the Isle of Man, and hath in his absence played the Man at Latham." This insinuation is certainly unjust; but the Earl seems to consider some explanation necessary, "why he left the land, when every gallant spirit had engaged himself for king and country." Danger of revolt and invasion of the island constitute the substance of this explanation. There is reason however to conjecture that he had been disappointed of the command he had a right to expect, when he brought a considerable levy to join the king at York: any explanation, in short, might be listened to, except a doubt of his loyalty and ardent military spirit, which were above all impeachment.

[3] Published in Peck's Desiderata Curiosa, in 1779.

[4] Peck, p. 416,—fortiter calumniari aliquid adhærebit.

[5] Peck 446. "Loth to dwell too long on one subject," skip over to some other matter.

[6] Peck, p. 434.

[7] For a history of this family established in the Isle of Man so early as 1422, see Hutchinson's History of Cumberland, vol. iii. p. 146. They had previously been established in Wigtonshire.

[8] This is an example of the difficulty of arranging the relative dates: the word *newly*, thus employed at the earliest in 1643, refers to 1628, the date of the appointment of E. Christian to be governor of the Isle of Man, which office he held till 1635, (Sacheverill's account of the Isle of Man, published in 1702, p. 100.) The Earl being then Lord Strange, but apparently taking the lead in public business during his father's lifetime.

[9] Peck, p. 444. There is apparently some error in Hutchinson's genealogy of the family in his History of Cumberland: 1st brother, John, born 1602; 2d died young; 3d William, born 1608; 4th Edward, Lieut. Governor of the Isle of Man 1629, (according to Sacheverill, p. 100, 1628.) This Edward's birth cannot be placed earlier than 1609, and he could not well have made a fortune in the Indies, have frequented the court of Charles I., and be selected as a fit person to be a governor, at the age of 19 or 20. The person mentioned in the text was obviously of *mature age*; and *Edward the governor* appears to have been the younger brother of *William Christian*, a branch of the same family, possessing the estate of Knockrushen, near Castle Rushen, who, as well as Edward, was imprisoned in Peel Castle in 1643.

[10] Peck 332, et seq. chap. viii. The Earl appoints a meeting of the natives, every man to give in his grievances; upon which some think to outwit him, which he winks at, being not ready for them, therefore cajoles and divides them; on the appointed day he appears with a good guard; the people give in their complaints quietly and retire. Chap. ix. Another meeting appointed, when he also appears with a good guard. Many busy men speak only Mankes, which a more designing person (probably Captain Christian, a late governor) would hinder, but the Earl forbids it; advice about appearing in public; the Mankesmen great talkers and wranglers; the Earl's spies get in with them and wheedle them. Chap. x. The night before the meeting the Earl consults with his officers what to answer; but tells them nothing of his spies; compares both reports, and keeps back his own opinion; sends some of the officers, who he knew would be troublesome, out of the way, about other matters; the (present) governor afresh commended; what counsellors the properest. Chap. xi. The Earl's carriage to the people at his first going over; his carriage at the meeting to modest petitioners, to impudent, to the most confident, and to the most dangerous, *viz.* them who stood behind and prompted others. All things being agreed, Captain Christian cunningly begins disturbance; the Earl's reply and speech to the people; Christian is stroke blank; several people committed to prison and fined, which quiets them.

[11] Peck, 442.

[12] Peck, 448-9.

[13] Feltham's Tour, p. 161, places this event (while a prisoner in Peel Castle,) on the authority of a tomb-stone, in 1660, "John Greenhalgh being governor." Now John Greenhalgh ceased to be governor in 1651; the date is probably an error in the press for 1650.

by reason of these troublesome and dangerous times, I cannot bring to passe my intents therein, you may in your better leasure consider thereof, and make some use hereafter of my present labors, in the matter of a certain holding in this country, called the tenure of the straw;[14] whereby *men thinke their dwellings are their own auntient inheritances*, and that they may passe the same to any, and dispose thereof *without license* from the Lord, but paying him a bare small rent like unto a fee-farme in England: wherein they are much deceived."

William the Conqueror, among his plans *for the benefit of his English subjects*, adopted that of inducing or compelling them to surrender their allodial lands, and receive them back to hold by feudal tenure. The Earl of Derby projected the surrender of a similar right, in order to create tenures more profitable to himself—a simple lease for three lives, or twenty-one years. The measure was entirely novel, although the attempt to prevent[15] alienation without license from the Lord, for purposes of a less profitable exaction, may be traced, together with the scenes of violence it produced through many passages in the ancient records, which would be inexplicable without this clue.

The Earl proceeded certainly with sufficient energy and considerable skill to the accomplishment of his object. In the very year of his arrival, Dec. 1643, he appointed commissioners[16] to compound for leases, consisting of some of his principal officers (members of council,) who had themselves been prevailed on by adequate considerations to surrender their estates, and are by general tradition accused of having conspired to delude their simple countrymen into the persuasion, that having no title-deeds, their estates were insecure; that leases were title-deeds; and although nominally for limited terms, declared the lands to be descendible to their eldest sons. It is remarkable that the names of *Ewan* and *William Christian*, two of the council, are alone excluded from this commission.

We have already seen two of the name committed to prison. The following notices, which abundantly unfold the ground of the Earl's hostility to the name of Christian, relate to Ewan Christian, the father of William Dhône, and one of the Deemsters, excluded from the commission. "One presented me a petition against Deemster[17] Christian, on the behalf of an infant who is conceived to have a right unto his Farme Rainsway (Ronaldsway,) one of the principal holdings in this country, who, by reason of his eminencie here, and that he holdeth much of the same tenure of the straw in other places, he is soe observed, that certainly as I temper the matter with him in this, soe shall I prevail with others.[19] - - - - By policie[20] they (the Christians) are crept into the principal places of power, and they be seated round about the country, and in the heart of it; they are matched with the best families," &c.

"The prayer of the petition[21] formerly mentioned was to this effect, that there might be a fair tryal, and *when the right was recovered*, that *I would graunt them a lease thereof—this being in the tenure of the straw.* - - Upon some conference with the petitioner, I find a motion heretofore was made by my commissioners, that the Deemster should give this fellow a summe of money. But he would part with none, nevertheless now it may be he will, and I hope be so wise as to assure unto himself his holding, by compounding with me for the lease of the same, to which, if they two agree, I shall grant it him on easy terms. For if he breake the ice, I may haply catch some fish."[22]

The issue of this piscatory project was but too successful. Ewan bent to the *reign of terror*, and gave up Ronaldsway to his son William, who accepted the lease, and named his own descendants for the lives. Still the objects attained were unsubstantial, as being contrary to all law, written or oral; and the system was incomplete, until sanctioned by the semblance of legislative confirmation.

We have seen that the Earl had in the island a considerable military force, and we know from other sources[23] that they lived in a great measure at free quarters. We have his own testimony for stating, that he achieved his objects by imprisoning, until his prisoners "*promised to be good;*" and successively filling their places with others, until they also *conformed to his theory of public virtue*. And the reader will be prepared to hear without surprise, that the same means enabled him, in 1645, to arrange a legislature[24] capable of yielding a forced assent to this notable system of submission and lovingkindness.

This is perhaps the most convenient place for stating, that in the subsequent surrender of the Island to the troops of the Parliament, the only stipulation made by the Islanders was, "that they might enjoy their lands and liberties as they formerly had." In what manner this stipulation was performed, my notes do not enable me to state. The restoration of Charles II., propitious in other respects, inflicted on the Isle of Man the revival of its feudal government; and the affair of the tenures continued to be a theme of perpetual contest and unavailing complaint, until finally adjusted in 1703, through the mediation of the excellent Bishop Wilson in a legislative compromise, known by the name of the Act of settlement, whereby the people obtained a full recognition of their ancient rights, on condition of doubling the actual quit rents, and consenting to alienation fines, first exacted by the Earl James in 1643.[25]

In 1648, William Dhône was appointed Receiver General; and in the same year we find his elder brother, John (Assistant Deemster to his father Ewan,) committed to Peel Castle on one of these occasions, which strongly marks the character of the person and the times, and affords also a glimpse at the feeling of the people, and at the condition of the devoted family of Christian. The inquisitive will find it in a note;[26] other readers will pass on.

The circumstances are familiarly known, to the reader of English history, of the march of the Earl of Derby in 1651, with a corps from the Isle of Man for the service of the King; his joining the royal army on the eve of the battle of Worcester; his flight and imprisonment at Chester, after that signal defeat; and his trial and execution at Bolton in Lancashire by the officers of the Parliament, on the 15th October of that year.

Immediately afterwards, Colonel Duckenfield, who commanded at Chester on behalf of the Parliament, proceeded with an armament of ten ships, and a considerable military force, for the reduction of the Isle of Man.

William Christian was condemned and executed in 1662-3, twelve years before, for acts connected with its surrender, which are still involved in obscurity; and it will be most acceptable to the general reader that we should pass over the intermediate period.[27]

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[14] In the transfer of real estates both parties came into the common law court, and the grantor in the face of the court transferred his title to the purchaser by the delivery of a straw; which being recorded, was his title. The same practice prevailed in the transfer of personal property. Sir Edward Coke, IV. 89, when speaking of the Isle of Man, says, "upon the sale of a horse, or any contract for any other thing, they make the stipulation perfect per *traditionem stipulæ*," (by the delivery of a straw.) Perhaps a more feasible etymology of *stipulation*, than the usual derivation from stipes (a stake or land mark) or stips (a piece of money or wages.)

[15] Among those instances in which "the commands of the lord proprietor have (in the emphatic words of the commissioners of 1791, p. 67,) been *obtruded* on the people as laws," we find, in 1583, the prohibition to dispose of lands without license of the lord, is prefaced by the broad admission, that "contrary to good and laudable order, and diverse and sundry general restraints made, the inhabitants *have*, and *daily do*, notwithstanding the said restraints, *buy, sell, give, grant, chop* and *exchange* their farms, *lands, tenements, &c. at their liberties and pleasures.*" Alienation fines were first exacted in 1643. Report of Commissioners of 1791. App. A. No. 71, Rep. of Law Officers.

[16] The governor-controller, receiver; and John Cannel, deemster.

[17] Deemster, evidently Anglicized, the person who deems the law, a designation anciently unknown among the natives, who continue to call this officer *Brehon*, identical with the name of those judges and laws so often mentioned in the Histories of Ireland.

[19] Peck, 447. [20] Ib. 448.

[21] I have ascertained the date of this petition to be 1643.

[22] *Covetousness* is not attributed to this head of the family; but the Earl makes himself merry with his gallantry—natural children, it seems, took the name of their father, and not of their mothers, as elsewhere, and "the deemster did not get soe many for lusts sake, as to make the name of Christian flourish." Of him, or a successor of the same name, it is related, that he "won 500*l.* at play from the Bishop of Sodor and Man, with which he purchased the manor of *Ewanrigg* in Cumberland, still possessed by that family."

[23] Evidence on the mock trial of William Dhône.

[24] We shall see, by and by, a very simple method of packing a judicial and legislative body, by removing and replacing *seven individuals* by one and the same mandate.

[25] Report of 1791. App. A. No. 71.

[26] A person named Charles Vaughan is brought to lodge an information, that being in England, he fell into company with a young man named Christian, who said he had lately left the Isle of Man, and was in search of a brother, who was clerk to a Parliament Officer; that in answer to some questions, he said, "The Earl did use the inhabitants of that Isle very hardly; had extreated great fines from the inhabitants; had changed the ancient tenures, and *forced* them to take leases. That he had taken away one hundred pounds a year from his father, and had kept his uncle in prison four or five years. But if ever the Earl came to England, (he had used the inhabitants so hardly,) that he was sure they would never suffer him to land in that Island again." An order is given to imprison John Christian (probably the reputed head of the family, his father being advanced in years,) in Peel Castle, until he entered into bonds to be of good behaviour, and *not to depart the Isle without license.*—(Insular Records.) The young man in question is said to have been the son of William Christian, of Knockrushen.

[27] Some readers may desire an outline of this period. The lordship of the Island was given to

and leave the facts regarding this individual, all of them extraordinary, and some of peculiar interest, to be developed by the record of the trial, and documents derived from other sources.

(*To be concluded in our next.*)

Lord Fairfax, who deputed commissioners to regulate its affairs, one of them (Chaloner) published an account of the Island in 1656. He puts down William Christian as Receiver General in 1653. We find his name, as Governor, from 1656 to 1658, (Sacheverill, p. 101) in which year he was succeeded by Chaloner himself. Among the anomalies of those times, it would seem that he had retained the office of Receiver while officiating as Governor; and episcopacy having been abolished, and the receipts of the see added to those of the exchequer, he had large accounts to settle, for which Chaloner sequestered his estates in his absence, and imprisoned and held to bail his brother John, for aiding what he calls his escape: his son George returned from England, by permission of Lord Fairfax, to settle his father's accounts. Chaloner informs us, that the revenues of the suppressed see were *not appropriated* to the private use of Lord Fairfax, who, "for the better encouragement and support of the Ministers of the Gospel and for the promoting of learning, hath conferred all this revenue upon the Ministers, and also for maintaining free schools, *i. e.* at Castletown, Peel, Douglass, and Ramsay." Chaloner pays a liberal tribute to the talents of the clergy, and the learning and piety of the late bishops.

ARTS AND SCIENCES.

ROYAL INSTITUTION.

Dr. Roget proceeded, in his ninth Lecture, to consider the Structure and Physiology of Reptiles, a class which comprises all those vertebrated animals that respire atmospheric air by means of lungs, but in whom the temperature of the body is not sensibly higher than that of the surrounding medium. These characters are common to all the Lizard and Serpent tribes; the Tortoise and Turtle; the Frog, Toad, Newt, Salamander, and several other genera. All these animals, though differing widely among themselves in their external form and habits of life, have a marked resemblance in the disposition of their vital organs, and the economy of the more essential functions. They are distinguished from the other classes of vertebrated animals by the peculiar constitution of their vitality: the powers of life seem in them to be more equally diffused throughout the system, and are not so immediately dependant for their continuance on the functions of circulation and of respiration—peculiarities which seem ultimately to be referable to a difference in the condition of the nervous power. The system at large sympathizes much less with the affections of any individual organ, and the injury or destruction of that organ does not immediately involve the derangement of the actions carried on by the rest. Hence Reptiles are exceedingly tenacious of life, and sustain a variety of injuries and mutilations with comparative impunity: thus they will continue to live for a considerable time, although deprived of some of the vital organs, such as the brain, the stomach, or the heart. Instances were adduced in proof of their enduring abstinence for a prodigious length of time. Reptiles are also remarkable for their longevity, in which they far exceed all warm-blooded animals of corresponding size.

In describing the nervous system of Reptiles, Dr. Roget noticed the disproportion which exists between the size of the nerves and that of the brain. The brain consists of five tubercles, which together do not occupy more than half of the cavity of the cranium; but this cavity itself is very small. In the Crocodile, for instance, its section does not occupy the twentieth part of the section of the whole head. In the Turtle, the proportion of the brain to the total bulk of the body is as 1 to 5688.

A general description was then given of the pulmonary system of organs, and of the peculiarities of the circulation in Reptiles. As there is only one system of cavities in the heart, which receives the whole mass of blood from the veins, and impels it into the aorta, or common trunk of the arteries, the pulmonary circulation is only a branch of the general circulation; and it is only a certain proportion of the whole mass of blood that is carried to the lungs, and can receive the action of the air in those organs. It was long supposed that this peculiar mode of distribution in the blood-vessels is the source of the facility with which Reptiles can dispense, for a certain period, with respiration; but the real cause is to be sought for in the peculiar nature of the nervous power. Several facts were stated respecting the temperature of the bodies of Reptiles, under different circumstances, and respecting their powers of sustaining variations of heat and cold.

After some observations on the intellectual powers manifested by animals of this class, Dr. Roget proceeded to the examination of their several organs of the senses, describing the structure of the eye, of the ear, of the nasal cavities, and of the mouth and tongue. The mechanical conformation of Reptiles is, in general, ill adapted to the exercise of the sense of touch. The system of organs which receive and prepare nourishment, was next explained. In the teeth of Crocodiles, of which, in the different species, there are from thirty to fifty in each jaw, and of which the same number is always kept up as long as the animal lives, we have an example of a mode of renewal of these organs analogous to what occurs in fishes.

After taking a review of the principal facts relating to the structure and functions in the class of Reptiles, Dr. Roget proceeded to examine the particular condition of those functions, and the corresponding variations in the organs in each individual tribe. The first order, or the Chelonia, which include the Tortoise and the Turtle, appear to constitute a remarkable exception to the general laws of mechanical structure in vertebrated animals, and to bear a stronger affinity to the inferior classes, by possessing an external, instead of an internal skeleton. Yet we find, on examination, that all those bones of which the skeleton is usually composed in other vertebrated animals, exist also in the Tortoise, although the relative situation of some of them is inverted. The bony case which defends the trunk is formed by an extension of the ribs and sternum; while the scapula, pelvis, and principal bones of the limbs are placed on the inner side of the vertebræ of the back and loins, which are united so as to form an immoveable structure. As a consequence of this immobility of the sides of the chest, the inflation of the lungs is effected solely by the action of the muscles of deglutition, the air being swallowed instead of inspired. The inflexibility of the trunk, as well as the constitutional torpor of the animal, conspire to render its progressive movements on land exceedingly tardy; but in water the Turtle enjoys greater freedom of motion. The singular tribe of soft Turtles, constituting the genus Trionyx of Geoffroy St. Hilaire, exhibits several peculiarities which were adverted to. Dr. Roget also described the structure of the heart in this order of Reptiles.

The Sauria, or Lizard tribes, are characterized by a still greater complication in the structure of the heart, and by having large and conspicuous teeth. The singular structure in the Chameleon, to which it owes its property of changing colour in quick succession, according as it is actuated by the passions of fear or anger, and according to the state of the cutaneous circulation, was explained. Many other reptiles, as the Anolius, possess this property to an extent quite as great as the Chameleon. The question which has given rise to so much controversy respecting the movements of the jaws of the Crocodile, was next discussed. It is now ascertained that the upper jaw, though apparently the only one moved, is in reality immoveably united with the skull, which therefore rises along with it when the mouth is opened. The structure of the tongue of this animal has also been the subject of frequent dispute, arising from the mechanism of the throat, by which a valve is formed, excluding the entrance of water, but yet allowing the animal to breathe. The remarkable provision in the feet of the Gecko, for enabling the animal to support itself on smooth surfaces in opposition to the force of gravity, was illustrated by drawings. The structure of the Draco volans, which is provided with a kind of imperfect wing, by the extension of alternate pairs of ribs, is a striking instance of the reluctance with which Nature departs from the primitive standard of construction in vertebrated animals, or adds any new parts, when the special purpose to be answered can be attained by a new employment of parts already existing. The several links of gradation from the Lizard to the Serpent tribes, by the genera of Chalcides, Seps, Bipes, and Chirotes, were specified.

The Ophidia, or Serpent tribes, exhibit the simplest form of a vertebrated skeleton, in which the want of limbs for progressive motion is compensated by various contrivances, such as scales on the skin, which, by their peculiar attachment to the ribs, act like feet, and conjoined with the various flexions of the spine, enable the animal to advance with considerable speed. The Amphisbæna has the power of moving backwards, as well as forwards, with equal celerity. By coiling themselves in a spiral, also, Serpents are enabled to spring with considerable force on the objects they attack. A detailed account was given of the structure of the jaws, œsophagus, and stomach of serpents; of the peculiar poison which they instil in the wounds made by their teeth; and of the characters by which venomous snakes may be distinguished from those which are harmless.

The order of Batrachia comprises a variety of singular animals, distinguished from other reptiles more by negative than by positive characters. Their curious mode of respiration was explained. A history was given of their transformations from the tadpole, or as it may be called, the larva state, to that of the perfect animal,—changes to which the only parallel occurs among insects. In the first period of its life the Frog is an aquatic animal, breathing wholly by gills; when it has completed its form, it has lungs, and no

vestiges of gills. The Siren lacertina and the Proteus are the only known animals which unite, during the whole period of their lives, the constitution of the Tadpole and of the perfect Frog, having at the same time both lungs and gills; and are therefore the only animals that can strictly be said to be amphibious.

Errata.—In the last Number, p. 250, col. 1, line 4, *for* pulse, *read* pulp.—Ibid. col. 2, line 4, *for* bronchial, *read* brauchial.

A New Fluid, with remarkable Physical Properties, discovered in the Cavities of Minerals.—A new fluid, of a very singular nature, has been recently discovered by Dr. Brewster, in the Cavities of Minerals. It possesses the remarkable property of expanding about *thirty* times more than water; and, by the heat of the hand, or between 75° and 83°, it always expands so as to fill the cavity which contains it. The vacuity which is thus filled up is of course a perfect vacuum; and at a temperature below that now mentioned, the new fluid contracts, and the vacuity reappears, frequently with a rapid effervescence. These phenomena take place instantaneously, in several hundred cavities, seen at the same time.

The new fluid is also remarkable for its extreme volubility; adhering very slightly to the sides of the cavities; and is likewise distinguished by its optical properties. It exists, however, in quantities too small to be susceptible of chemical analysis. This new fluid is almost always accompanied with *another fluid* like water, with which it refuses to mix, and which does not perceptibly expand at the above-mentioned temperature.

In a specimen of *Cymophane*, or *Chrysoberyl*, Dr. Brewster has discovered a stratum of these cavities, in which he has reckoned, in the space of 1-7th of an inch square, *thirty thousand cavities*, each containing this new fluid; a portion of the fluid like water, and a vacuity besides. All these vacuities simultaneously disappear at a temperature of 83°.

If such a fluid could be obtained in quantities, its utility in the construction of thermometers and levels would be incalculable. There are many cavities in crystals, such as those opened by Sir Humphry Davy, which contain only water, and which, of course, never exhibit any of the properties above described. An account of these results was read before the Royal Society of Edinburgh, on the 3d and on the 17th March.—*Edinburgh Philosophical Journal.*

FINE ARTS.

WATER COLOURS EXHIBITION.

Our first view of this Exhibition was, as it must be to every one who has any love or admiration for the Fine Arts, most attractive and delightful; and even after a second visit, it is not easy to sit down and select from the abundance of such beautiful and varied materials: indeed we might almost apostrophize with a celebrated writer, "All is said," changing it however for "All is done." In contemplating the powers in execution, and the use of the means by many of the artists, we may say that all is done. But Nature is inexhaustible, and will always furnish more than art can attain.—Among her offerings for imitation, Mr. Fielding has chosen a scene, No. 40, and followed it up with an effect at once so true and striking, that it is impossible not to recognise in it some of the finest qualities of the Flemish masters, or of any school. In this drawing there is no violence of contrast, either in colour or light: how far the effect might have been improved by keeping the distant hills in shade, we hardly presume to hint. In the motion of the clouds the artist is at liberty to take advantage of such accidents; in these instances, criticism cannot say, "thus far shalt thou go."

No. 123. Passengers going off to a Packet, is in fine contrast to the one just mentioned, and is in the artist's best style: the water in front, both in colour and motion, is equal to any thing we have seen; nor is the character of the clouds in a style any way inferior.

No. 17. Stirling Castle. *G. F. Robson.*—This inimitable artist has given to an oft-repeated view an effect that cannot fail to make it new and striking; the cold and watery gleam of light gives a marked solemnity to the grandeur of this ancient pile. But in his Solitude, No. 92, the Genius of musing Melancholy might for ever dwell; it is full of those shadowy and misty hues in which romance and poetry see visions in the mountain streams that eddy down their sides. We almost regret, but for the effect they have on the cool and receding parts of the scene, that human forms should break the silent magic of the place.

No. 14. Twilight.—No. 18. Evening.—*G. Barret.*—These two drawings of Mr. Barret are brought very happily into contrast with each other, and equally show his skill in so difficult a choice of effects. We think the glittering splendour of evening would, however, have been assisted by more depth of shadow in his foreground. Without making them black, the spreading of his masses must have been advantageous. On the sun we cannot look, but on the tender twilight we can gaze; accordingly the artist has given us one of its most beautiful effects, assisted by a portion of light from the moon, which in point of tone and colour may vie with similar efforts of Vanderneer.

No. 137. Thomson's Tomb. *J. Varley.*—The Poet of the Seasons has a right to the Poetry of Art, and we scarce think more of it could have been poured forth than is here exhibited. Though not precisely a view, it is what the majestic Thames might well admit. We are reminded of its locality by the distant view of the church, and think we recognise that beautiful bend of the river as seen from the Mall at Hammersmith, near to the Dove public-house, where Thomson and Arthur Murphy used to meet. We congratulate the Artist upon one of the happiest of his productions.

BRITISH INSTITUTION.

The following Pictures have been sold since we inserted a former list:

179 Fruit, *S. Platt, jun.*, R. Hicks, esq.
313 The Old Man and his quarrelsome Sons, *J. Cawse*, R. Stephenson, esq. 50 guineas.
161 Boy and Donkey, *Edwin Landseer*, Wm. Cateley, esq. 15 guineas.
285 View at Sunning, *P. Nasmyth*, Onley Savill Onley, esq. 25 guineas.
186 Cheerfulness, *Mrs. Wm. Carpenter*, John Wilson, esq. 35 guineas.
24 The Market-place at Malmsbury, *W. Wate*, Onley Savill Onley, esq.
252 Cheyne Walk, Chelsea, *Charles Deane*, Earl of Hardwicke, 40 guineas.
274 Game, *B. Blake*, Henry Knight, esq. 30 gs.
261 An Oyster Shop, *A. Fraser*, —— Broadwood, esq. 23 guineas.
168 Windsor Castle, *T. C. Hofland*, the Earl of Egremont, 10 guineas.
29 Burntisland, Fifeshire, *John Wilson*, George Stanley, esq. 25 guineas.
169 Scene at White Knights, *T. C. Hofland*, Lord Northwich, 20 guineas.
321 Draught Players, *W. Novice*, Hurst, Robinson, & Co. 30 guineas.
200—216 View on the Thames, View of Chelsea, *Charles Deane*, Marquis of Stafford, 66 guineas each.
211 Head of a Polish Jew, *Mrs. W. Carpenter*, Marquis of Stafford, 45 guineas.
298 The Naughty Child, *A. Fraser*, —— Banks, Esq. 40 guineas.
300 Davie Deans, Saddletree and Butler, *H. P. Parker*, —— Banks, esq. 35 guineas.
147 Greyhounds resting, *Edwin Landseer*, Sir Geo. Crewe, bart. 75 guineas.
180 The Cash Account, *Wm. M'Call*, Sir Geo. Crewe, bart. 30 guineas.
139 Dead Game, *G. Miles*, Lord F. Leveson Gower, 12 guineas.
187 Knaresborough Castle, *T. C. Hofland*, Wm. Delmor, esq. 15 guineas.
206 Study from Nature, *R. R. Reinagle, A.R.A.* —— Taylor, esq. 50 guineas.
215 The Market Place and Fountain of the Innocents, Paris, *J. J. Chalon*, Marquis of Stafford, 150 guineas.
164 Portico of a Pavillion, Geneva, *Mrs. Terry*, Marquis of Stafford.
231. Forest Scene, composed from Nature, *B. Barker*, — Walker, Esq. 100 guineas

LETTER FROM ROME.

April 2.—While we are still lamenting the loss of Canova, we have been near losing the other most celebrated Sculptor, Thorwaldsen. On the morning of the 28th March, a youth who was in his gallery (studio,) took up a pistol, not thinking it was loaded: it went off, and the ball slightly grazed the Artist, but happily did him no injury.

ORIGINAL POETRY.

FRAGMENTS.

Just two or three faint chords.

The lights are fair in my father's hall,
The red wine is bright to see;
But I'll flee like a bird and leave them all,
My Ocean Love! for thee.

There is gold around my silken robe,
And white pearls are in my hair:
And they say that gems and the broidered vest
Are woman's chiefest care;

But dearer to me is one silent smile
Of thine eagle eye than them all;
And dearer the deck of thy bark to me
Than my father's lighted hall.

I have no home now but thy arms,
And they are the world to me;
And be thou but true, I'll never regret
All, dear love! I have left for thee.

Love once dwelt in a palmy isle,
His palace of the green leaves' shade,
A chain of rose upon his wings,
Whose guardian was a dark-eyed Maid.

They lived in sweet companionship:
Enough for him one smile so bright;
Enough for her to live for him,
To watch his chain, to keep it light.

But once the Nymph lay down to sleep,
Leaving her fragrant chain undone;
And Love awakened while she slept,
Shook off his fetters, and was gone.

The morning came, the Nymph arose,
And looked on her deserted chain;
Vain were her tears, and vain her prayers,
For never Love returned again!

A blue Italian sky,—yet scarce more blue
Than the clear lake beneath,—upon whose breast
Are gliding two or three light boats, with sails
Floating and waving gracefully like clouds.
On the one side are corn and green grass fields,
And olive groves and vineyards, and one shrine,—
One ruined shrine,—sacred in other days
To some most radiant nymph or starry queen,
Whose sweet divinity was beauty. Near
Is a lone cavern, with its azure fount
Shaded by roses and a laurel tree,
Beneath whose shade might the young painter lean,
And gaze around until his passionate hues
Caught light and life and loveliness. Steep hills
Are on the other side, upon whose heights
Dark Hannibal once rested. Who could dream
That this calm lake was crimson once with blood?
That these green myrtles waved o'er the death-
Of men in their last agony? Oh, War! [wounds
How soon thy red fiends can lay desolate
The holy and the beautiful!

Then fare thee well, love, for a little while!
Take this rose, I have kissed it for thee;
Now I will not give thee one single smile,
If 'tis withered when brought back to me.
The moon is now rising pale, pale in the east,
Like a circle of silver dew;
And as she has looked on our parting kiss,
She must look on our meeting one too.
Wilt thou not, dearest, be back to mine arms
Ere her zenith shines yellow above?
Bethink thee that then I am watching her course,
And that moments are ages in love.

Do any thing but love; or if thou lovest
And art a Woman, hide thy love from him
Whom thou dost worship; never let him know
How dear he is; flit like a bird before him,—
Lead him from tree to tree, from flower to flower;
But be not won, or thou wilt, like that bird,
When caught and caged, be left to pine neglected,
And perish in forgetfulness. L. E. L.

BIOGRAPHY.

CHARLES WARREN.

This eminent Engraver, undoubtedly one of the best of the English School, died suddenly at Wandsworth on Monday last. He was conversing cheerfully at the time; but the stroke of death reached without pain, and he stooped his head down to expire in an instant. Long actively employed in the business of life, Mr. WARREN was generally known, and his works as generally admired.

SKETCHES OF SOCIETY.

LETTERS FROM PARIS.

Paris, April 17, 1823.

MONSIEUR FAURIEL, a learned philologist, who has resided a long time in Greece, and acquired an extensive acquaintance with the modern Greek, is about to publish a work which will no doubt excite great interest, at a moment when every thing that concerns Greece is so peculiarly acceptable. This work is a collection *Des Chants populaires de la Grèce moderne*, with a French translation placed opposite the original text.

When the Turks inundated Greece, the inhabitants of the plains submitted to their numerous oppressors, but the people of the mountains opposed to them an obstinate resistance; and in the end, the inhabitants of the plain, put *hors la loi* by the cruel Turks for having dared to dispute the right of their possessions with their rapacious conquerors, fled to the mountains, and swelled the number of the free and contending Greeks. The invaders gave to these patriots the name of *Klephtes*, that is to say, *thieves*. Before the war of Grecian independence had opened to the patriotic Greeks a wider and more noble career, the chiefs or captains of the *Klephtes* were the heroes of their country. Their adventures, their stratagems, their exploits, their lives, and their deaths, were celebrated in national songs, passed from mouth to mouth, became traditional, and composed the history of their oppressed but still classic land. *Les Chants Populaires*, which M. Fauriel will publish in the course of next month, will form a large octavo volume, and will consist of a selection of these national ballads.

This week three new literary journals have burst upon the horizon. The two first are called *Le Plume de Fer*, and *L'Indiscret*, the last, entitled *Le Mércure du 19me Siècle*, is edited by a society *d'hommes de lettres*, and most of whom were concerned in the publication of the *Mércure de France*, which was afterwards succeeded by the *Minerve Française*.

The *Album* has been suppressed by a threat to take away the *brevet* from any printer whose name was to it. The *Courrier des Spectacles* has only overcome a similar process by securing a printer at the rate of 30,000 francs in hand.

The Second Theatre Français has offered to the public the new tragedy *Count Julien*: a contest of hisses and applauses ensued; and a piece so received has little chance of popularity. In fact it is rather a melo-drame than a tragedy. *L'Amour et Colère* has been well received at the Opera Comique: the intrigue is very light, but the music is agreeable. M. Longchamps is the author, and a young amateur the composer of the music.

THE DRAMA.

We rejoice to hear that Sinclair has been engaged for the next season at Covent Garden.

The Covent Garden Theatrical Fund Anniversary was observed at the Freemasons' Tavern on Monday. We were unluckily prevented from attending, but learn with satisfaction, that the day went off well, and that the subscription exceeded a thousand pounds. Mr. Fawcett delivered an excellent address on the occasion.

Operas.—In the existing dearth of new Operas, a Correspondent suggests the probable success that would attend the revival of some of those of Stephen Storace. He particularly mentions *The Pirates*, which had so great a run in 1794; and also *The Cherokees*, though not often acted. The chorusses and concerted pieces in these dramas are of well-known excellence; and could not be reproduced without effect,—that is to say, if our first-rate singers would take the trouble to study them, instead of committing the now prevailing sin of introducing their favourite and familiar songs into every opera, merely because they cost them no trouble, and without regard to their being appropriate or the reverse.

CONCERT.—ROYAL ACADEMY OF MUSIC.

THE first Concert in aid of this valuable Institution was given at the King's Theatre on Thursday; when the Pit was full, and every Box fashionably tenanted. The appearance of the House thus occupied is very imposing; and the effect was increased by the presence of the Pupils in the Orchestra. The Music consisted of a Selection from Dr. Crotch's *Palestine*; and two Miscellaneous Acts, chiefly from Handel, Mozart, Bethoven, Rossini, Paer, Webbe, Attwood, and Bochsa. The performances were skilfully conducted, and the entertainment altogether agreeable,—though perhaps the introduction of a few native melodies would have increased the pleasure of the audience, and been appropriate to a National School. Thus the exquisite "*Auld Robin Gray*" of Miss Stephens, sadly altered as it is from its original Scottish simplicity and pathos, was unquestionably the favourite of the evening, even where the finished Camporesé, de Begnis, and Caradori warbled their Italian strains, and Salmon, Paton, Tree, Vestris, Goodall, Travis, and Povey diversified the harmony. Of male singers, Curioni, Begrez, Placci, and De Begnis contributed their foreign talents towards the British object; and Braham, Saplo, Kellner, Duruset, Vaughan, Knyvett, Terrail, and others, sustained the vocal cause. The principal Instrumental Performers in London also shared in this honourable competition; and we presume the fund was largely benefited by their united exertion.

PERISTREPHIC PANORAMA.—Under this learned name there is at present a very clever, ingenious, and novel Exhibition at Spring Gardens. It consists of a moving representation of the Crowning of George the Fourth, so accurately and vividly *panoramic*, that it may be deemed only second to that brilliant spectacle itself. It is therefore well worth a visit from those upon whose memories that splendid scene is impressed; for the copy will appear to them exceedingly curious; and it is more worthy of a visit from those who did not witness the original sight, for it will convey to them a very perfect picture of one of the grandest events since the days of the Field of the Cloth of Gold.

VARIETIES.

Quentin Durward, we can state, will be published about the 10th May. The work treats of the well-known and highly interesting contests of Charles the Bold, Duke of Burgundy, with the tyrannical and subtle Louis XI. of France. The hero of the tale (Quentin) is one of the Guard of Scottish Archers in the service of Louis.

Among the announcements of the press, is *A Voice from St. Peter's and St. Paul's*, addressed to Lord Holland, on occasion of the article on the Church Establishment in the Edinburgh Review.

A Tragedy by Mr. Millman is said to have been accepted at Covent Garden; and one by Mr. Banim, author of the Celt's Paradise, at Drury Lane.

FACETIÆ.

Affinity of the Turkish and Scottish Dialects.—A Turk, several years ago, made his appearance in Edinburgh, in the costume of his country. Such a spectacle being a great novelty in the gude town, he was generally attended by a crowd of boys, who amused themselves by pestering him. With these he usually got in a passion, and turning fiercely round would address them by the most opprobrious name in his vocabulary, "*Giaour—Giaour*," (Infidel.) While in one of those moods, an old Scotchman took pity on him,

and joined, as he thought, in his expostulation—"Fie, lads, dinna fash the puir body sae—do as he ceen bids ye—do *gie ower—gie ower.*" (give over.)

During the period when the debates in the Irish Roman Catholic Board were carried on rather stormily, the government papers were continually accusing the leading speakers of disaffection, revolutionary designs, &c. "What can be more absurd," said one of them, Counsellor O'Gorman, to Jerry Keller, "than to bring such charges against me, who as you know have *a great stake in the country.*" "Indeed I know you have, (replied K.) and a *great pike-head at the end of it.*"

A Virtuoso.—The celebrated Professor Blumenbach of Göttingen, has collected a most valuable cabinet of curiosities, which he highly prizes. One morning a friend came to him with a long face, to tell him a very unpleasant circumstance, that he had seen a man get by a ladder into a window of the Professor's house. 'Potztausend! (cried Blumenbach) into which window?' I am sorry to say, replied his friend, it was your daughter's. 'O man, said B. you almost frightened me! I thought it had been into my cabinet!'

Keller, the Irish barrister, was once examining a roguish witness, who, it appeared in the course of examination, had at one time been at the point of death, and had received the last rite of the Romish church —that of extreme-unction. "So, (says Keller) you were *anointed* by a priest." "Yes, Sir." "There was little need then, (returned K.) for you were *slippery enough already.*"

Blunders and Bulls.—A Correspondent, pointing out the difference between *blunders* (such as our Gotham stories) and *bulls*, gives the following as an example of the latter:—"An Irish gentleman having a pair of new boots sent home to him, proceeded to try them on; but after a great deal of labour, and pulling, and straining, till, from the blisters on his hands, he could no longer continue the violent exertion, he desisted, declaring that he perceived very clearly he should never get these boots on till he had worn them a day or two."

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

The *Gleaner* is welcome: we had mislaid the *Man of Brass.*—The *Cynic* shall be considered between this and Saturday.

F. C. will also find an answer on Friday *next.*

Unanswered Correspondents will please impute it to any cause but inattention: we have much before us for determination.

"*Macduff*" will not suit us. Some old critic has told us truly, though in Latin, that *Poets are born*; and from the crudeness of his verses, it is evident that, like his namesake, he has been from his "mother's womb untimely ript."

Don. And. Gerzelli will find a letter at our Office.

"Constantin" (as he spells it) may reckon on being Constantinet of our pages.—"*Ben,*" also another of our perpetual Correspondents, will never receive High-land hospitality from the *Literary Gazette*, and be "the further Ben the welcomer."

*** Several announcements sent to us are sheer Advertisements, and would, if inserted, subject the *Literary Gazette* to a 7*s.* duty on each. Whatever may be considered as *Literary News* is welcome to a place in our columns; but we will not deceive our readers in the slightest degree by putting notices where they are considered as conveying our own information or expressing our own opinions, whereas, in fact, we have no other intelligence than an anonymous paper.

Our engagements with North American subjects induce us to lay Franklin's interesting volume aside for the present.

LIST OF WORKS PUBLISHED SINCE OUR LAST:

Wine and Walnuts, or after Dinner Chit Chat, 2 vols. small 8vo. 15*s.*—Integrity, a Tale, by Mrs. Holland, 12mo. 6*s.*—The Gathering of the West, 12mo. 4*s.*—Precipitance, a Tale, 3 vols. 12mo. 12*s.*—Essays and Sketches, in prose, by George Milner, jun. 12mo. 5*s.*—Remarks on Stewart's Sketches of the Highlanders, 8vo. 2*s.*—Ballantyne's Novelist's Library, Vol. 5, 28*s.*—Graham's Epitaphs, 12mo. 6*s.* 6*d.*—Thomson's Collection in Prose and Verse, 12mo. 3*s.*—Burns' Poetical Works, new edit. foolscap 8vo. 3 vols. 21*s.*—Dante, 2 vols. 48mo. 10*s.*—The Bardiad, a Poem, by C. Burton, LL. B. 8vo. 14*s.*—Bentham on Morals and Legislation, 2 vols. 8vo. 24*s.*—Bentham on Government, 8vo. 9*s.*—Recollections of the Peninsula, 8vo. 9*s.*—Ingram's Saxon Chronicles, 4to. 3*l.* 13*s.* 6*d.*—Robinson's Abridgment of Hume and Smollett, 12mo. 9*s.*—State Trials, Vol. 31, royal 8vo. 1*l.* 11*s.* 6*d.*—Bayldon's Art of Valuing Rents and Tillages, 8vo. 7*s.*—Marshall's Interest Tables at 4 per cent. 8vo. 12*s.*—Supplement to the Encyclopedia Britannica, Vol. 6, Part 1, 25*s.*—Roberts's Guide to Elocution, 8vo. 7*s.*—Wilson on the Scriptural Types, 8vo. 10*s.* 6*d.*—Russell on Infant Salvation, 12mo. 3*s.* 6*d.*

METEOROLOGICAL TABLE.

APRIL.	*Thermometer.*	*Barometer.*
Thursday . . . 17	from 45 to 61	29·88 to 29·77
Friday 18	from 40 to 49	29·52 to 29·37
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Rain fallen ,025 of an inch.

Edmonton. JOHN ADAMS.

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TO READERS of WEEKLY PAPERS.—No Advertisements whatever are inserted in *The Englishman* Sunday Newspaper, which is a large Folio Journal of Twenty Columns, of the same size as *The Observer.* It is regularly published every Sunday Morning, at the early hour of 4 o'clock, at Messrs. Smith's, 192, Strand, London.

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ARTISTS' BENEVOLENT FUND, Established 1810.—The Patrons of the Arts are respectfully informed, that the Fourteenth Anniversary of the Institution for Relieving the Widows and Orphans of Artists, will be celebrated at Freemasons' Hall, the first Monday in May, as usual, being the day on which the Royal Academy Exhibition annually Opens to the Public, and which falls on the 5th.

The Right Hon. The Earl of DARNLEY, in the Chair.

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His Grace the Duke of SOMERSET, K.G. President, will take the Chair.

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ARTISTS' GENERAL BENEVOLENT INSTITUTION, for the Relief of Decayed Artists, their Widows, and Orphans.—The Subscribers and Friends to this Institution are respectfully informed, that the Ninth Anniversary Dinner will take place in Freemasons' Hall on Friday the 2d of May,

R. Hon. The EARL of LIVERPOOL, K.G. in the Chair.

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Right Hon. The Earl of Dartmouth,
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